



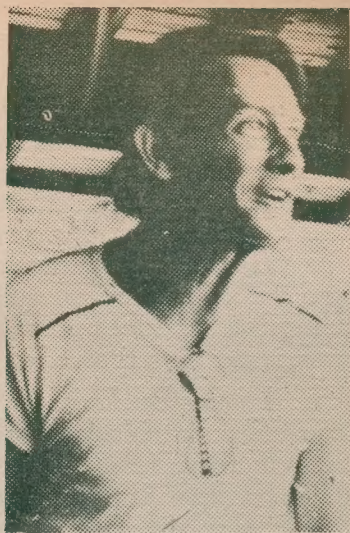
A BOOK OF FRIENDS

This book hopes to capture the liveliness brought to Buck's Rock by the visits of guests. We hope not only to record, but also to extend the visits of these people. For those who were there, we reinforce memory. For those who were not, we wish to provide insight.

All the guests are, by definition, outsiders, who, were it not for Buck's Rock, would never have had the opportunity to share a part of their lives with us. It is important that we realize that because of this, we are not learning from camp, but rather through camp.

It is with these thoughts in mind that we present to you A BOOK OF FRIENDS.

The Editor



"Fall Caesar!"

On July 24, when Dr. Paul Reisch came to Buck's Rock for a talk on Julius Caesar, about twenty people showed up. Of course, the people who didn't come were most likely "busy." But let me say that you should have put down whatever you were doing, and come to listen to Dr. Reisch. Our guest seemed a bit disappointed to see that so few people had showed up, but when he began to talk, he trapped your attention. He did something that very few people know how to do or bother to do. He revived Elizabethan history and related it to modern times. He showed the truth of George Santayana's proverb, "Those who forget their history are doomed to repeat it."

What he told us was too out-of-the ordinary to print in history textbooks. He explained that when the movie "Skyjacked" came out, there was a lot of hesitation as to whether or not it was to be shown. The movie is about a hijacking which is successful until the end, when the hijacker gets shot down. Dr. Reisch said, "People were afraid that if some desperate madman saw the movie (even if it were only one person in a million), that person, seeing how the hijacker almost got away with it, might try to hijack a plane too. There are some movies about the assassination of a President — one with Burt Lancaster starring in it — that will never be shown in your generation. You'll never see these movies, but your children may. You see, if one madman saw one of these movies, he might get ideas on how to kill a President or a nominee."

"The same fear existed back in 1599," explained Dr. Reisch, "when William Shakespeare wrote Julius Caesar." Queen

Elizabeth I was ruling England. Under her rule, England had flourished and became a very powerful country. However, in 1599 Queen Elizabeth was in the latter part of her reign; she died four years later, in 1603. She was unmarried, had no children, and there was no heir to the throne. What concerned the English nobility about Julius Caesar was the brutal stabbing of Caesar by his conspirators. Killing a monarch was not the fashion at this period in England. After all, England had had three successive rulers who ruled well — Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Elizabeth. (That doesn't include the brief reigns of Queen Mary and Edward VI which together lasted about ten years.) But, as it was, there was no heir to the throne and England could see trouble ahead. The English nobility feared that a fanatic, seeing the assassination of Caesar in Julius Caesar, might try to kill the monarch after Elizabeth if he did not like the new ruler.

Since the year 1200 England had been involved in many wars. Some of them included the struggle with Spain which ended in the defeat of the Spanish Armada; The Hundred Years War, which was actually fought for over 100 years; the battle of Agincourt; The War of the Roses; and the conflict with Scotland, Robert the Bruce, Wales, and Llewelyn. What England desperately wanted was to keep out of another war, much less a civil war over the issue of succession.

After relating Tudor and Elizabethan history to modern history, Dr. Reisch discussed the plot of Julius Caesar, which opened at the Globe Theatre near the Thames in 1599. Dr. Reisch recently earned a Ph.D. in comparative literature, analyzing French and German translations of Julius Caesar. He has also taught the play to his English classes at the High School of Music and Art. And because he's an authority on the play, he can explain it so much more clearly.

The play opens with Caesar at the advanced age of fifty. Poor people look up to him as a god. And they have reason to. Around fifty years before, Rome was in a sorry state. The poor people were starving; they had no representation in the government, which was a corrupt one. The Picts, from Scotland, and the Goths were constantly attacking Rome, seeking its downfall. The Roman army was powerless. All attempts to save the State seemed futile, and she seemed destined to fall. Then came Caesar. He took things in hand and saved Rome.

Caesar fed the country, reclaimed its lost possessions, straightened out the government, and saved the army by adding reinforcements. He drove back the Picts and the Goths deep into their territories. So it was understandable that he should

be held in reverence. Caesar had many friends, but also many enemies. Among them was a sly, lean crafty nobleman named Cassius. Whether out of jealousy or a conviction that Caesar was becoming too powerful, Cassius thought that Caesar must be killed for the good of the state. So Cassius asked one of Caesar's friends, Brutus, if he would join the conspiracy. Dr. Reisch said that Brutus, being stupid as well as idealistic, joined the conspiracy.

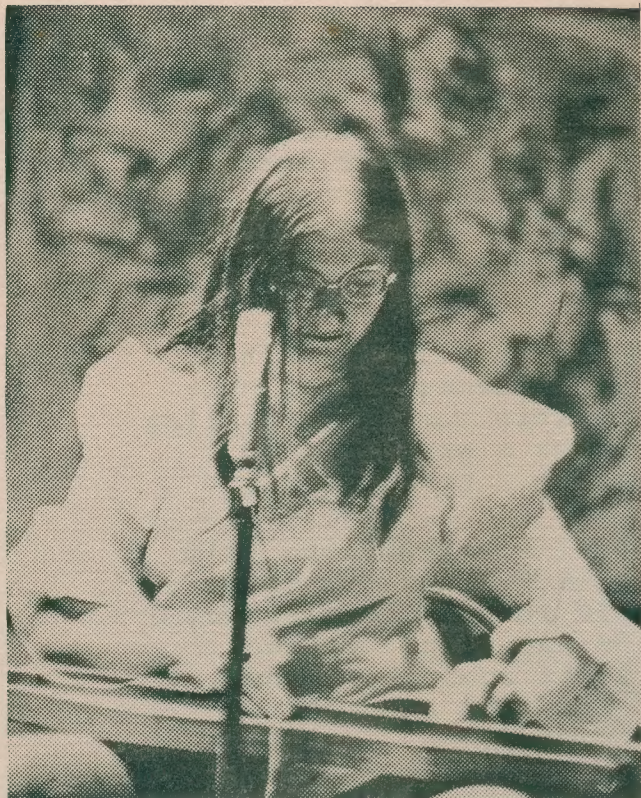
Rome had been one of the most powerful countries in Italy. It flourished in trade, riches, and foreign possessions. Over the years it began to decline, and during this period of decline Brutus dreamt that it would once more become a great nation. He couldn't accept the fact that Rome was in such bad shape.

Cassius, knowing how much Brutus loved the republic, said to Brutus that Caesar was becoming too powerful and that soon he would declare himself emperor and would rule as he pleased, which would result in the downfall of the republic. Brutus, frightened, agreed to help kill Caesar if it would help the State. Cassius then sought out some of Caesar's enemies, who also readily agreed to help assassinate Caesar.

The next day, when unsuspecting Caesar came to the Senate, he was assassinated by Brutus and the other conspirators. Each assassin stabbed Caesar in turn, and when it came to Brutus's turn, and he stabbed Caesar, Caesar said: "Et tu Brute? Then fall Caesar." Then Dr. Reisch ended his fascinating talk. Although he left off in the middle of the play, it was understandable. His talk was on Julius Caesar, who is not directly involved in the play any further. In a way, though, it was kind of disappointing, for Dr. Reisch was one of the best guest speakers we've had this summer.

Peter Ruderman





Singin' with Dulcimer and Banjo

On July 28 and 29 Rick and Lorraine Lee came to Buck's Rock, giving a concert of folk music, Lorraine on her dulcimer, and Rick playing both the piano and the banjo. The concert featured songs written by both Rick and Lorraine, their friends, and by popular folk singers.

Lorraine started playing dulcimer in college and has been playing for about nine years. She plays using all three strings of her dulcimer for the melody. Usually the dulcimer is played by tuning two strings to one note, creating a "drone" effect, and using the third string for melody. Lorraine said that the dulcimer doesn't necessarily have to have only three strings. Some have four strings, and a popular American ballad singer, John Jacob Niles, has made dulcimers with as many as thirty strings. However, she said, traditional dulcimers have only three or four strings.

Lorraine used to play the mandolin and the banjo, both of which she dropped for the dulcimer. She is presently teaching the dulcimer both privately and to groups. Rick has played the banjo for about nine years. "So we've been playing for almost as long as we've known each other," said Lorraine. "Rick has picked up the piano only recently, in the last year or so."

Rick came here as a camper, then as a CIT, JC, and finally as a counselor in the Publications Shop. When talking about the changes in Buck's Rock from 1954-62, he said that it was "hard to sort out the difference between the changes in Buck's Rock and the changes in me." Rick said that in his earlier years at Buck's Rock he visited the vegetable farm, the photography shop, ceramics, and silkscreen. He spent about half of his time in Publications. He also was in dramatic productions, when Les Chile, and later Bill Korff directed. He sang quite a bit in the chorus and madrigal groups. When Rick came to Buck's Rock, the shops were production-oriented. During the years he was here, the emphasis switched from mass production to individual work.

Rick and Lorraine live in Cambridge with their seven-year-old son. Lorraine not only teaches dulcimer, but also has a part-time job training people for office work. Rick has worked as a producer for Boston's WGBH-TV and is studying for his Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology. They are also members of a three-person folk group called "Cabin Fever." The third member is guitarist Tom Hayes. The group has no record of its own, but has cuts on several albums.

Rick and Lorraine used to play bluegrass, but now they play country-folk music. Both are talented vocalists and instrumentalists. We enjoyed having them at Buck's Rock and hope they will return again to share their style of music.

Wendy Desmonde



On Breathing Grudin

*Louis Grudin brought us his thoughts
of poetry on August 1st,*

*saying
poetry should bring into being
a kind of reality
which comes and vanishes.*

*"A secret in the air
That parted once and closed
And moved away."*

*The poet read us his poems
from the past.*

*We saw him
pass through years of work
with the turning of pages.
a glimpse of past.
a breath that catches youth
for one last time.*

*Grudin said that when an image strikes
something and opens up the world, a
poem is created.*

*"And to be...
The heart's nest, close and warm.
The lip that smiles in sleep
And with the sunturned petal weakens, falls
With all that falls away,
Leaving no sign, no shell."*

Grudin expressed that in poetry one
should strive for clarity, yet capture
all dimension of a feeling.

"To be the one,
To be the one who is afraid,
The one who is shamed, betrayed.
To be forgotten and forget
And seek and fail."

He opened himself up to us
giving us his past with kindness,
warmth, wanting our understanding,
showing us his intense love for poetry.

We learned.
We absorbed,
our faces lifted like
plants striving for the sun.

M. Feldman

all quotations from TO BE by Louis Grudin



Well, I spoke to Winnie Winston. There's not much to say about what I learned, as Winnie's answers to the questions below pretty much speak for themselves. Winnie was a member of the Buck's Rock community for ten years, who returned for one night this summer to play banjo and pedal steel guitar and to explain their workings.

The explanation of what he was going to play often took more time than the piece itself. This is partly due to the tremendous complexity involved in playing the pedal steel guitar. However, I found in watching him play and in later speaking with him that he is most happy and responsive when talking about music and theory. Winnie impressed me as perhaps being the archetype of the cerebral musician. To him music seems to be a series of very strict formulas.

Here follows a portion of the conversation I had with

Winnie the day after his performance:

"Last night you mentioned that at first you didn't like bluegrass. What did you like?"

"I don't know. I didn't like anything, but I knew I didn't like country music because it was corny. I got into it because I started to play banjo. I found out that's where you have to go if you want to learn banjo."

"What kind of music did you play at Buck's Rock?"

"Mostly plain standard folk. Whatever that is. At the end of my stay here I was beginning to get into bluegrass though I wasn't playing it. I was getting very interested in it. Basically my first contact with banjo was here. A guy named Paul Prestopino (folk music J.C. in 1955) was the first person I ever saw play banjo. Earl Scruggs style banjo."

"Have you been influenced by any particular pedal steel players?"

"I'm listening to a lot of a guy named Hal Rugg. I like his stuff very much. I'm listening mostly to: Buddy Emmons, Phil Chalker, Hal Rugg, and a guy named Norman Hamlet. Right now I'd like to get a sort of a cross between Norman Hamlet and Hal Rugg."

"Do you have any favorite banjo pickers?"

"Sonny Osborne. He inspired me."

"Who do you like to play with?"

"Jerry Jeff Walker. He is fun to play with because when he gets really going you don't know what's gonna happen. Other than that, I enjoy playing with anybody who plays the kind of music I like to play."

"Do you still play with Buck's Rock people?"

"No. Most of the people I was here with have gone on to do different things."

"How did you like playing last night?"

"It was fun. It was a nice setting also. I really like playing outside."

Despite the lengthy discussions, when Winnie Winston plays his instruments he plays them well.

Rich Sadowsky

Rhinoceros is spelled without a "u"

My senses numbed by two hours of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, and my stomach grumbling in anticipation of the food waiting outside, I force myself to sit still and meet Bob Blumenfeld. Bob, it seems, is a former Buck's Rock counselor (WBBC in '68, Actor's Workshop in '69) who has gone on to perform with the American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, and is being good enough to address us.

Bob comes out to polite applause, looking somewhat strange, his thick black glasses somehow in conflict with his Roman toga. He greets us, delivers a short oratory on what Buck's Rock meant to him, and says, "I'm sure you have some questions about the performance."

For an instant there is a deathly silence, and then one bold camper thrusts his hand into the air.

"Is it different working on a slanted stage?"

"No," I say to myself, "it's exactly the same as working on a flat stage."

"It takes some getting used to," says Bob.

This first question has inexplicably set off a chain reaction of questions, each more insane than the next.

"What is the stage made out of?" asks a girl in the first row, who apparently wouldn't be able to sleep without this bit of priceless information.

Bob answers precisely and technically, "Cloth and a rubber compound."

"Think of that," I smirk.

"What does that hole in the stage lead to?"

"Do you wear make-up?"

"What kind of wood is that?"

"How does it feel to wear armor?"

Drops of perspiration appear on Bob's brow, as he begins to attempt to struggle out of the position he has found himself in.

I am overcome with the temptation to ask Bob which team will win in the American League East, but the courage is just not there. I sit back, waiting for someone to ask him how to spell "rhinoceros," when Bob himself cuts things short. A camper near the back whose question will go forever unanswered trudges away in frustration as Bob slips back behind the curtain.

Jon Cohen

From the moment Barry Kornfeld stepped into the Publications shop in the afternoon, I could tell he was a radiant man - smiling, always ready to speak. That evening at the gong, as a small audience assembled, he showed that I had judged correctly. He pushed aside the mike and talked for at least two hours about his profession, which is producing and making records. His talk especially interested those considering music as a possible profession or hobby.

When asked why some records sell in stores like Woolworth's for as little as 89¢ he explained: "Those records just weren't selling well enough for people to keep them in stock, and there are only two things you can do with old, out-of-stock records. A lot of companies sell them to remaindering houses for just about the cost of the plastic, at which point they drill holes in them so they know they're remaindered records. Then they put them in these remaindered stores and sell them very cheap. Maybe the remaindering houses buy them for 25¢ a record, and this way the record company at least gets back the cost of the plastic.

"Now a lot of companies won't remainder records. CBS, for instance - this is a very funny story - is one. The last thing I did on stage was with a group known as the Original Rag Quartet. They were recording for Epic, a label which I later worked for as staff. One guy had done a couple of records and some years after his records were out he went in and said, 'I'd like to buy some copies. I need them to send around.' Well, they didn't have any more. He asked if they'd all been sold out, and was told that they didn't sell well enough and that they'd all been ground back into plastic. They soak off the labels and grind them up, then press them into new records."

By this time his talk, which I had expected to be a long, drawn out speech, was flowing along beautifully. He switched topics often, and touched upon almost every aspect of his musical knowledge.

Barry was never alone, always surrounded by interested listeners. He explained the advantages of being an independent producer. Although he gets no yearly salary from a recording company, he discovers and records promising musicians. Then, as he says, he "runs around like a madman" to every interested company, trying to sell his find. He said that he is exposed to, and absorbs much more, and seems to make just as good a living.

He mentioned that CBS has a tape vault in New York City the size of our porch. If one of the tapes kept there remains unused for two years, it is then sent to Iron Mountain, N.Y., where an entire cave has been hollowed out and filled with these tapes. The cave also contains badly categorized tapes from the past. Because of this, whenever re-makes of 30's and 40's hits are produced, men sit in the cave for hours, searching for the proper cuts among thousands and thousands of tapes.

Questions popped up frequently, and Barry seemed to be having as good a time as everyone else. Now and then, between sentences, he would chuckle as he remembered, then told a humorous anecdote about his work. Phone calls were announced during the talk, and at one point Barry quipped, "The names they announce sound the same now as when I was here." Upon noticing the Silkscreen Shop's appeal for old newspapers, he mentioned that he'd been infamous for writing graffiti on announcements, then quickly and quietly changed "silkscreen shop" to "herring shop" on the bulletin board.

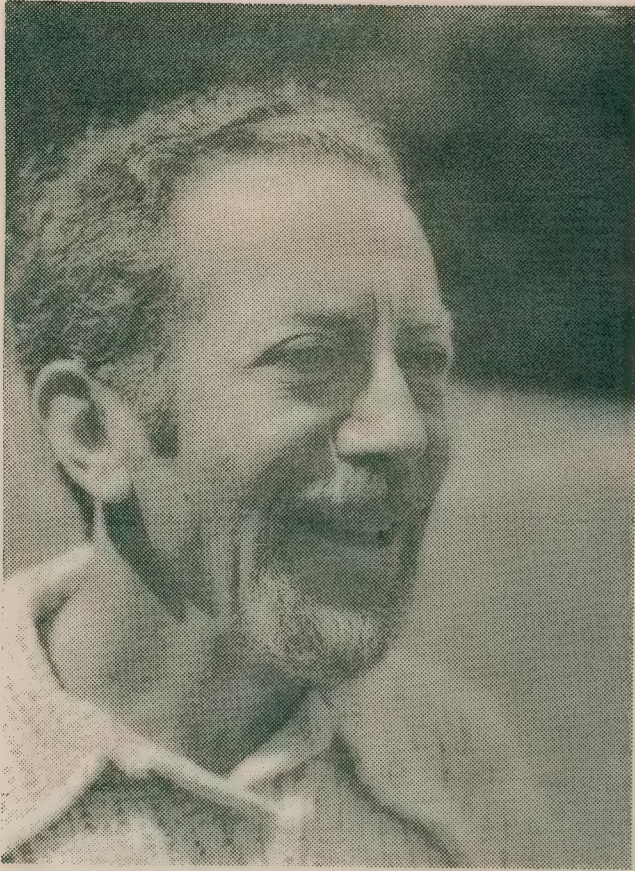
He spoke for a while about illegally-made records: "There are two kinds of illegal albums, 'pirate' and 'bootleg.' A bootleg album is where someone gets hold of a tape that was never meant for release as an album. They find a company willing to press it up, then run around to head shops all over the country, selling it at exorbitant prices. Pirate records, on the other hand, are actual counterfeits. They will take the latest Simon and Garfunkel album, for instance, and counterfeit the cover, counterfeit the record, and sell them like that, sometimes turning out a product superior to the original itself."

This led to a brief discussion of the musical copyright and also to the problems and possibilities of "stealing a tune." He spoke of so-called "musical scientists" who study trends, trying to produce a hit record when the industry (and their pockets) needs it most.

Barry first came to Buck's Rock in the fifties, when folk music was at the peak of its popularity. He was very much a part of that scene, following perfectly in line with such early folk music staffers as Josh Rifkin, Winnie Winston, and Happy Traum. Since 1963, his last summer here at camp, Barry worked with, recorded with, and produced such recording artists as Joni Mitchell, Simon and Garfunkel, Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, and Dave Van Ronk. He now owns a home in Woodstock, N.Y., where he spends much of his time, hard at work, doing what he likes most.

David Fenner





A Closer Look

On August 6th, Richard Weiss, world traveler and former chairman of the Science Department at the High School of Music and Art, gave an informal talk to a group of interested campers. The talk, given in the social hall, centered around Mr. Weiss' trips to New Guinea, New Zealand and the Galapagos Islands, three of his most recent adventures. The talk was co-ordinated with a series of slides which Mr. Weiss had taken. The slides included photos taken from the air as well as photos of the natives and of their villages.

He first talked about New Zealand.

The slides he showed made an excellent distinction between natives who lived on the coast and inland natives. Those along the coast are basically European in style, because they were always very easily reached by explorers and tourists. The inland natives, on the other hand, are still very primitive. No one ventured into inner New Zealand until the last few decades, and then chiefly by airplane. Only recently was a highway built to take people

there. For this reason, most natives saw the airplane long before the automobile, and in their language a car is defined as an airplane that does not fly.

Next, Mr. Weiss talked about a Pacific island he had been to which was actually a coral reef. The island is very small, and on it there is only a hotel and a scientific research center. Mr. Weiss stayed at the research center. When the tide is out, the island grows to about twice the size as when the tide is in. You are then able to find many different forms of life in the coral which was previously covered with water. Mr. Weiss was able to collect and examine many different species usually found around coral reefs.

Mr. Weiss gave a very interesting and enjoyable talk. From his fascinating description, he made the world seem very worthy of a closer look.

Lewis Copulsky

Raggin' with Joplin

The original life of Ragtime was short but glorious. Out of the horrid age of minstrel shows, this new music emerged. Debussy called it the only true American music; others called it sinful, in much the same way as rock music is called filthy. Either way, Ragtime left an unmistakable mark on jazz, popular and classical music.

The earliest roots of Ragtime are in African rhythms. African melodies are simple, but their rhythms are more complex than any other music. It is a rhythm of growth and change. The steady beat of life and death, mixed into this frantic, syncopated rhythm, gives it a pure, strong quality.

African music came to America in chains. When it was "freed" into slavery, it spread through the countryside, in prison gangs, on plantations, on work projects and on small farms throughout the Southwest. African music didn't make it to the North until Ragtime became successful, around the beginning of the twentieth century.

Around 1860, the latest fad was the "cakewalk," a syncopated dance that originated on the plantations. The "kindly" masters seemed to derive a perverted joy out of watching their slaves "strut." They would go to the slave quarters and hold a small contest. Whoever strutted best, received a cake. Thus, "cakewalks" were born. They spread throughout the minstrel shows. (By the way, not only were blacks ridiculed in minstrel shows, but also Irish and Germans. The "pure" Americans have always enjoyed criticizing the rich cultures of others.) Cakewalks spread throughout Europe by way of that celebrated American, John Phillip Sousa. As soon as syncopated music became popular, Sousa frantically tried to teach some to his brass band. Unfortunately, the band was downright awful. They had never heard syncopated music before. I guess "Stars and Stripes Forever" made more sense to them than "Old Zip Coon." (This tune is now called "Turkey in the Straw." Either title is offensive, even though the tune is beautiful. The tune was originated among the slaves; the title among the masters.) However, because the music was so fresh, some small fraction of its spirit carried and Europe went wild. "Das Cakewalk" was danced in Germany! All of Europe was strutting!

Out of this music, early Ragtime was formed. It was a crude music played on pianos for the "houses" of the Southern ghettos. It served as background entertainment music. Only a few considered it respectable music.

One man, Scott Joplin, knew there was more in Ragtime than just crudeness. Born in Texarkana, Texas, Joplin was raised in much the same way as any other poor, black child in the deep south. Early in Scott's life, the Joplin family moved to Sedalia, Missouri, where Scott wrote his first rags. Young black musicians had to find jobs wherever they could, and invariably this was in the houses. Not only were these areas dangerous, because both the men and women there were tough, they also were areas where drugs were sold and used. Louis Chauvin, one of the most talented classical Ragtime composers, died of an overdose of heroin. He left only three written pieces, one written in conjunction with Scott Joplin. He has been remembered for many years as a great Ra

pianist, even though he was only in his early twenties when he died.

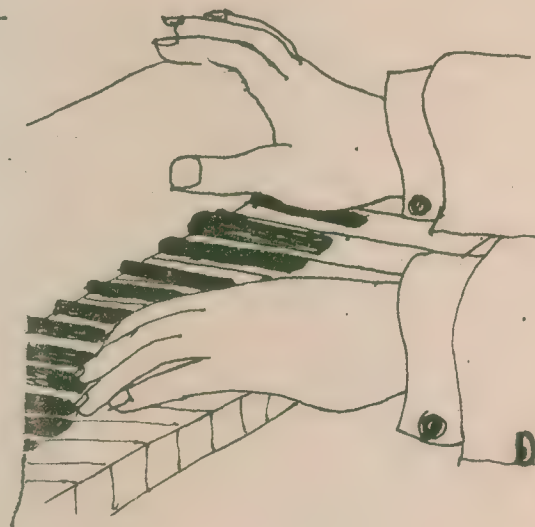
Joplin followed the normal course of the young black musician. He got a job in the Maple Leaf Club playing music for the "customers." Out of this club came the famous "Maple Leaf Rag." John Stark, a small Sedalia publisher, dared to publish Joplin's Rag. It was the first sheet music sale of over a million copies. At the turn of the century, both Stark and Joplin moved to St. Louis, which had become the heart of Ragtime.

In St. Louis, Joplin left the houses for good. He began teaching and writing at a furious rate. He had a reputation as a good Ragtime pianist, but he soon fell out of practice, being more concerned with writing than with performing. Joplin began to write Ragtime waltzes, dances, tangoes and even an opera.

As Ragtime grew in popularity, Joplin became more and more dedicated to writing fine Rags. The major problem with classical Ragtime is that it's difficult to play well. Many people were content to play easy Rags that were not of such high quality as Joplin's. By the first decade of the new century, Joplin was no longer "marketable." Stark was as dedicated as was Joplin to presenting the best Ragtime. But Joplin thought he deserved more money than Stark could pay, so he broke with him. Stark continued to publish the Rags of James Scott and Joseph Lamb, two of the other great classical Ragtime composers.

At this time, Joplin formed his own publishing company. He began working on an opera, "Treemonisha." He literally ran himself into the ground writing this opera, paying to have it produced. The one performance of "Treemonisha" that was held, was presented without props, costumes or sets, to a Harlem audience that could not understand Joplin or his work. It failed miserably. Joplin collapsed after the failure of his opera, and died shortly afterwards in April of 1917.

Since the 1950s, we have realized the beauty of classical Ragtime. It captures almost every mood within a restricted style. But, more important, it has such a powerful optimism, deep within its rhythms, that it seems to tell us that we are going to overcome these times. Young people sympathize with this deeply.



One such young person is Ricky Winston, a former Buck's Rocker. He began playing Ragtime very recently, inspired by another Buck's Rock alumnus, Josh Rifkin. Ragtime is a "classical" music but it must be played joyfully, and Ricky Winston understands this. His entire body sang while he played Joplin's Rags with a young optimism that is the heart of Ragtime. Other than just a touch of nervousness, Ricky Winston played smoothly. He had a sense of dignity and fun, both of which make up Ragtime. He performed at Buck's Rock on August 8th.

Richard Carlin

What's in a Name?

Ever since the beginning of the summer, when I heard they were coming to visit, I anxiously awaited the arrival of Irwin and Roberta Berger. Upon their arrival, on August 14, I was still quite excited. Each of the Bergers had a short written talk, precise and straight to the point. Together, they spoke for only about forty minutes. No more time was needed, though, because what they said took hold very strongly and very quickly.

Roberta, vice-president and account supervisor for Almay Cosmetics, spoke first, discussing the process of naming a company or product, and the legal "red tape" involved.

"Naming a product," she said, "is a most interesting creative process, which takes place within a framework of government laws and restrictions dedicated to protect the owner of a trademark from unfair competition."

She added that, "There is a tremendous opportunity for creative people to develop exciting, selling names for products, but they must keep in mind the following legal guidelines:

"1) A name must not be descriptive. Words describing the nature, quality, structure, or use of goods are not permitted as names.

"2) The name must not be confusing or deceptive. It must not indicate a quality that is not in the product.

"3) A trademark may not be confusingly similar to others in its class."

Roberta then mentioned six possible methods for choosing the name of a product, and told how and why names should conjure up images powerful enough to sell the product. She said that, ideally, names should be easy to read, to pronounce, and to spell.

"Names should have as much to do with the prospective customer as with the product itself." She spoke of cases where difficulty arose in finding names and told stories of how the Ford "Edsel" and how Citgo gasoline got their names. She mentioned the public relations involved in a name change, then told us of the change from "Esso" to "Exxon." She then introduced her husband, who is an associate professor of English at Bronx Community College.

While Roberta's talk revolved around the mechanics of naming a product, Irwin's concerned itself with "what happens when an individual or a family wants to open a corner store, for instance, and has to give it a name." He said that the vast majority of store names require little

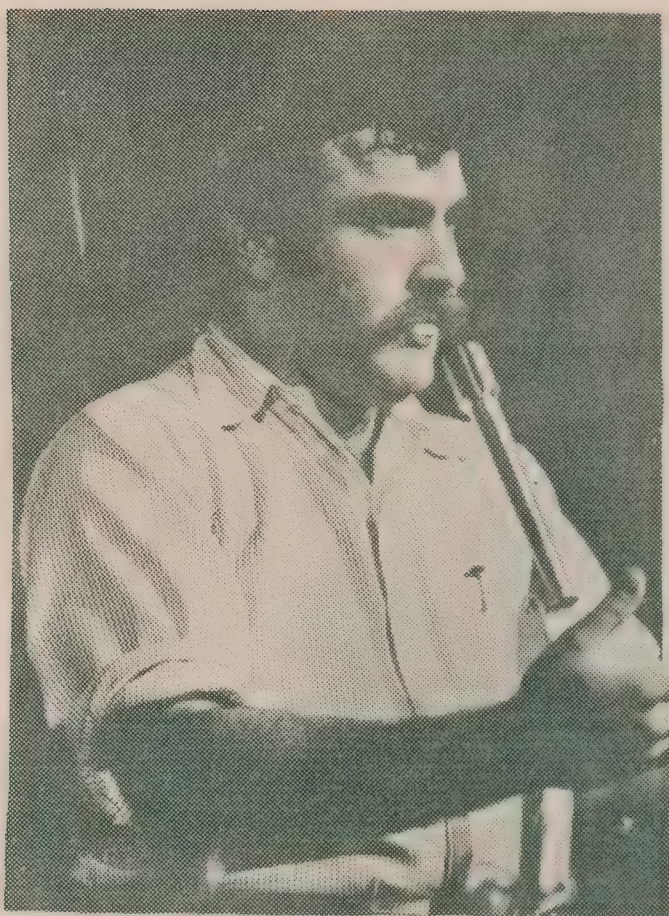
or no thought, and are named after a location, an owner, or a geometric shape. Using a little bit of creativity, he showed how "Seymour" became "C-MOR," and how something like "Enna Jettick Shoes" is derived from the word "energetic." He mentioned cases where a spellbound executive might, as a last resort for a name, jumble segments of names, or sequences of letters, and come up with a satisfactory final result.

At that point I realized how many name disputes, after mergers for example, are resolved by a name like "National," "Municipal," and "United." He then showed the advantage of being listed first alphabetically, by painting us a picture of a lazy businessman, tired, and unwilling to hunt for a nearby store, going to the Yellow Pages and calling the very first name on the list, figuring it's as good as any. He also told us the advantage of having the name of a different top quality product.

"For example, if anyone tries to sell you a Cadillac pen, don't buy it. They are obviously using the name only because it associates to the fine automobile. You will find Waterman lighters, Remington cameras, and Columbia toasters, but invariably these are 'schlak' products that you should not buy."

Irwin ended the talk with amusing names of products, picked from a telephone book. He put away the chalk he had been using, and began to erase the Actor's Workshop/College Bowl blackboard as the kids brought their chairs back into the dining hall. I was not a bit disappointed, and I walked away content from an entertaining evening activity from which I gained a great deal of knowledge concerning the use of language by advertisers.

David Fenner



James Slater

David Bronston



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Henry Dunow	July 21
Earl Ubell	July 22
Dr. Paul Reisch	July 24
Rick & Lorraine Lee	July 28
David Bronston	July 30
Sue Mernit	July 31
Louis Grudin	August 1
Winnie Winston	August 1
Robert Blumenfeld	August 3
Barry Kornfeld	August 4
Gene Nichol	August 5
Richard Weiss	August 7
Ricky Winston	August 8
Irwin & Roberta Berger	August 14





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C.I.T. ASSISTANTS: Richard Carlin
Laurie Kirschenfeld
Suzanne Shacknow



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Summerset—a literary magazine
Yearbook—a collection of individual
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A Book of Friends—guest book
Summer Window—a photo book

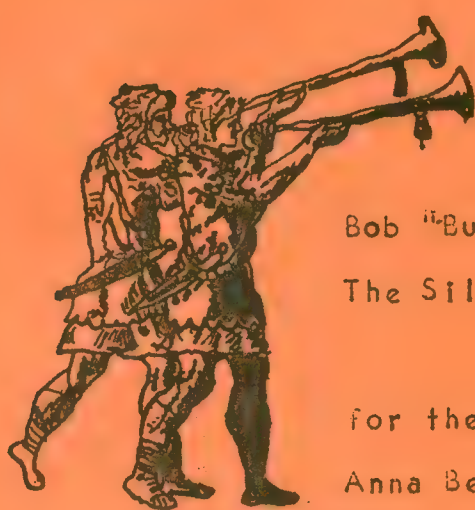
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special thanks to:

Bob "Bus" Solomon for typing directory

The Silkscreen Shop: Gerry Marks
Bill Mantlo
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David Lehrhoff

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Wayne Felgar for lots of little favors.

Douglas Cohn for all the illustrations we never used.

The Motor Pool: John Alexander	Russell Sherman
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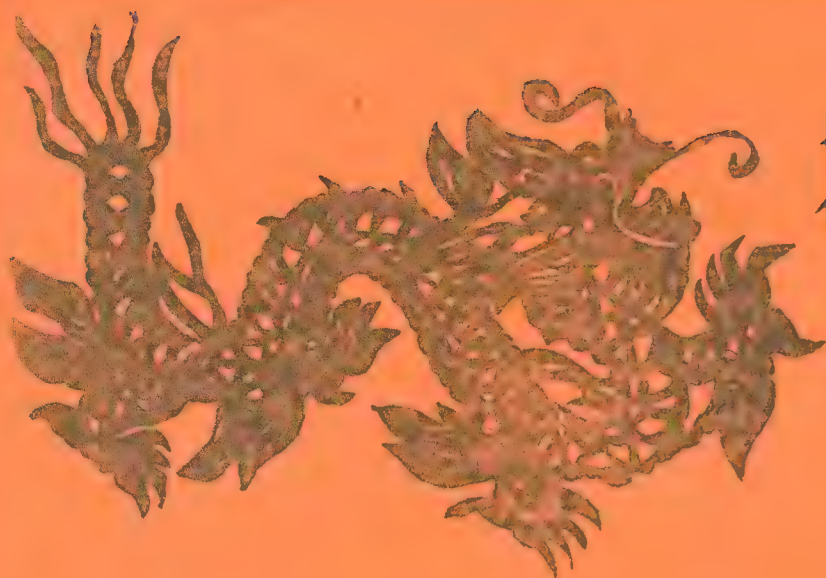
for their truckin'.

Richard for his superlative announcements.

Bookie for performing multilith miracles

Multilith and Multidog for being.

And very special thanks to Phil Tavalin and the Photo Shop
for preparing half-tones, negatives and positives, for
having patience and tolerance, for everything seen and felt.



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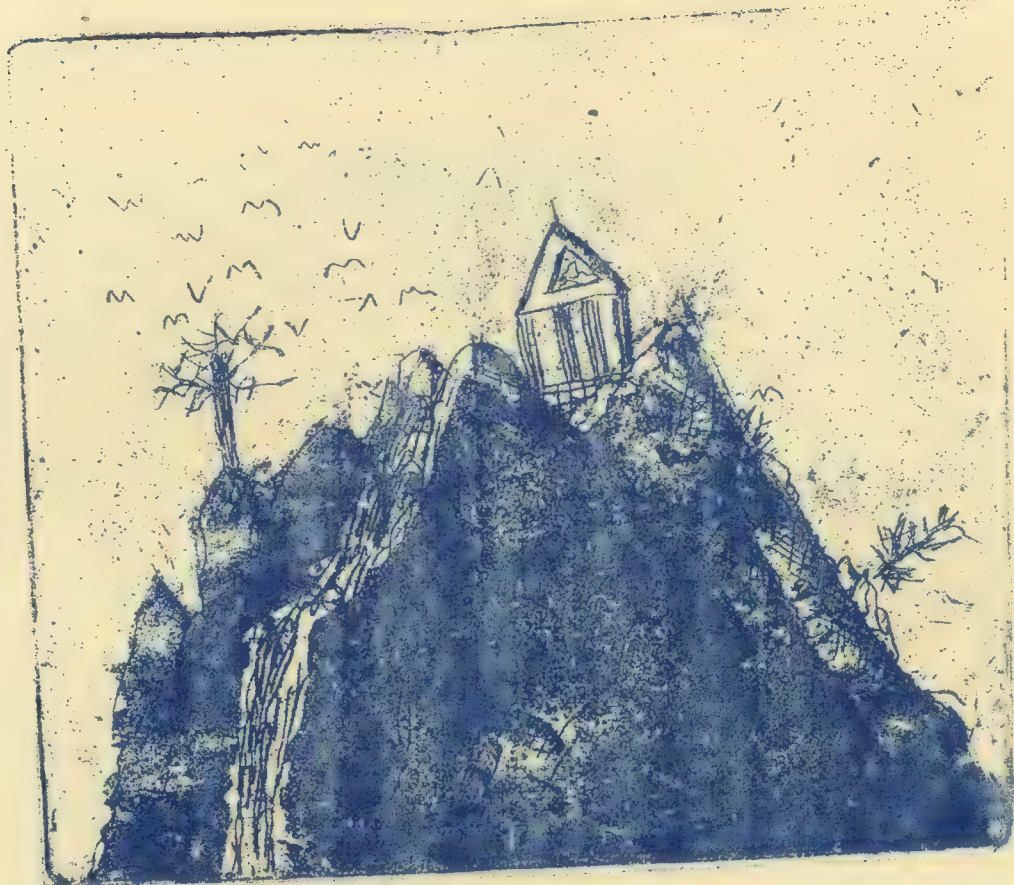
Summerset
a literary-art magazine

published in 1972
by the campers of
Buck's Rock Work Camp
New Milford, Connecticut

may i embrace your words?

let all of loneliness melt
in their fire pools
and all of hopelessness dissolve
turning to vapor
and let my hands caress
their forests
becoming lost
in their oceans
forever.

abby



I closed the door
throwing the towel over my shoulder

Walked off the porch onto the lawn
the grass and leaves sticking to my bare feet
in the early morning dew

*Running down the road
pines birches maples
the purplish orange flame
burning paper cutouts*

As I looked up
the flame dwindled
the sky darkened
I could feel the earth freezing
beneath my feet

One lonely spark flew across the black sky
The dying flame revived
I dived into the clear clean water surfacing refreshed

Peter Clive

Cafe

The bakery was very large, and had an indoor cafe inside it. The bakery was a rather informal Village landmark; and the cafe was the place to go for lunch during Saturday errands, and for brunch on lazy Sundays around noon.

This Saturday was a cold, wintry one. Everyone stopped in in the midst of their errands - Christmas shopping mostly, the bookstores on Eighth Street, assorted antiques, or the latest delicacy from Cheese Village ("Aunt Leonie would love that cheese, wouldn't she. It'd make her feel so continental!"). They were glad to step in to the warmth after the cold wind. The sun was shining and the morning was lovely.

The cafe was filled with people eating the bakery's delicious pastry and elegant little sandwiches. They were all talking, except for the ones sitting by themselves, and they were busy reading The Times. There were a few young mothers chatting with friends, their young children squirming and eating; matrons of all ages; roommates in all mixtures; husbands and wives, and other assortments of people. The waiters moved quickly and quietly among the tables. They dressed informally, wearing red aprons to signify that they were waiters.

At one table were two men talking. They were dressed informally, but meticulously. One was wearing a knee length, grey coat and a bright red scarf. He took off the coat, but left the scarf on. The other had on a brown corduroy jacket, and he lisped slightly.

"Why heavens, yes," he said to the first. "I quite agree with you."

The waiter came up. He was a thin man of medium height with a clean shaven face and dark eyes.

"Your orders," he said obsequiously.

The first man stared at him. He looked right into the waiter's eyes. The waiter stared back at the man. They both had half-amused looks on their faces.

The second man looked from the first man to the waiter, and then back again, but neither of them noticed.

"I'll -- I'll have a -- a cucumber and cream cheese," said the second man, flustered.

"On what kind of bread?" asked the waiter in a strangely sinister

"Err..white. White toast. And lemonade. To drink."

"And you, sir?" asked the waiter to the other man, smiling.

"Lobster salad, with whole wheat toast on the side. To drink, I'll have cinnamon coffee."

"Thank you," said the waiter. He seemed to wink at the first man who was still staring at him. He started to go. The first man put his hand on the waiter's arm. The waiter stopped.

"Come back after you serve us our lunch. We might want dessert."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. He left.

There was a silence between the two men.

At one table sat four women. The tables were rather small, and the four of them looked rather large, but they seemed to manage.

"Well, Dottie," said one, who was sitting on the aisle, bundled up in a fur coat. "You surely found a bargain."

"I always do," said Dottie, who prided herself on the fact that she did. She was a thin woman of forty-five with mousy brown hair.

"When will the waiter come," murmured Alys, the third woman.

"Calm yourself, Alys," said Carole, the first one. "They're busy, can't you see?"

The fourth woman, Helene, said nothing. She had nothing to say.

They had been shopping at a boutique on Eighth Street. It was one of those boutiques, now sprouting up in the east 60's, that were once peculiar to Greenwich Village. Trying on dresses for women fifteen years younger than they were had tired out the ladies. They came for a "dejuener," as Carole had called it.

"I don't know whether I'll be able to resist!" said Alys, looking over all the pastries on the menu.

"You've got to. I do. And look at me!" said Carole.

Helene, the quiet one, did look at her, and she smirked to herself.

The waiter, a little man with a mocking voice, floated over.

"May I take your orders?" he asked.

"Yes," said Carole. "At least I've made up my mind. Have you girls?"

The girls had.

"I'll have a ham and egg salad sandwich on rye," said Dottie, "with coffee."

"I'll have two croissants," said Carole, careful to pronounce the "r" like a "w." "And coffee."

"I'll have — ooh, it all looks so good — I'll have a-a-a.. plain yoghurt. A diet Pepsi, please, to drink," said Alys, sighing.

Helene broke her vow of silence.

"I'll have a brioche and coffee, please."

The waiter said, "Thank you."

"Oh, and make that separate checks," added Helene, before the waiter had gone.

The cafe was jam-packed. People were waiting on line to get a table, some good-naturedly, some impatiently.

There was a small, elderly woman on line. She spoke in a foreign accent, and had a bird-like voice. There was something strangely naïve about her. She peered around and saw that the line was long, and that she was near the end of it.

The old woman stepped out of the line. Quietly, she tiptoed into the middle of the thin aisle, peering down, looking to see if there was any table that was free. A waiter rushed by her, almost touching her, but not quite. He was very slim.

A couple was looking at her. She noticed them, and smiled sweetly. "Is the food good?" she chirped. "Yes," they answered. "Quite."

The old lady turned away and walked on a bit. The man at the table smirked. "She's casing the joint," he said.

The old lady walked on a bit. She turned her head, and looked back, to see whether there were any tables that she might have missed. She walked on a little, looking the other way, and crashed into a waiter who dropped a plate of strawberry shortcake and a glass of orangeade.

He seemed stunned. So did she. The people around them drew back, daintily. In hushed tones, they spoke. "What happened?" "Can't you see?" "It was all her fault." "Some people."

The waiter stared at the old woman, who stared back at him, blankly. With a mixture of dignity and acidity, he said to her, "Madame — can't you watch where you're going?"

She looked at him, smiling, as if she didn't understand him.

"Excuse me," she said, "are there any tables available?"

A man was sitting at a table. He looked at his watch and sighed. He took off his coat. He was wearing a baby blue shirt with a Superman "S" on it. He looked at his watch again. He was thin, and was the enfant terrible type.

After a time, a waiter came along.

"May I take your order?" he asked.

"Well --" said the man in a softish voice. "Not right n -- as a yes, why don't you. I'll have a lemon meringue tart."

"That's a good choice," commented the waiter. "They were baked this morning."

The waiter left. He came back, a few minutes later, with a delicious-looking tart. The meringue was white and brown, and looked crisp and delicious. The bottom was in a tin tray.

"That'll be all for now," said the man. "I'm expecting someone to join me, so come back later."

"All right," said the waiter. He left.

The man looked at the tart. He then took a little bit of meringue delicately between his thumb and index finger and ate it slowly. He took some more. It was delicious. He scooped out some of the tart with his fork and put it into his mouth. He very soon finished it off. Then, he licked the tin tray. He felt very satisfied.

A woman in her twenties came up to him. She had a thin but roundish face with a long mouth. She took long strides. She was tall and had stringy hair down to her shoulders. She was wearing a cloche and a coat with fox fur at the collar. Her hands were in her pockets. She seemed very brusque.

"Hello," she said.

"You're late," he said waspishly.

"I know," she sighed as she sat down.

"I've been waiting ages for you. Ages. I can't have this, you know."

"I know," she sighed.

"Well, where were you?"

She looked at him.

"I was looking for them," she said. "All over."

"I gave you the names of four places."

"I went to three of them," she said, "but ---"

"What about the fourth?"

"Well, I didn't want to go all the way uptown."

There was a pause.

"You're not mad at me, are you? Are you? Please..."

She seemed weak now. He glared at her.

"Please?" She put her hand on his. He drew his hand away.

"I'm sorry," she added. "Really I am, truly I am ..."

She looked pathetic, like a lost child. He stared at her, with hate in his eyes. The waiter came up.

"What would you like, madame?" he asked her, cheerfully.

The bakery was very warm. People kept coming in, and other people kept going out. It was a refuge from the cold, a place to buy delicious pastries, and they had a lovely cafe which was the place to go for lunch during Saturday errands and for brunch on lazy Sundays around noon.

Marc W. Lida



At the mountain side he sits
in the roaring tide he wanders
he can see the changing time
and he follows with a smile.

calling follow me
hold me close as i hold
the oceans
follow me ...

In the evening song he dances
and he sings along till nightfall
he can see the ebb of starlight
and he follows with a smile

calling follow me
hold me close as i hold
the darkness
follow me ...

When the spring comes with the flowers
he will bring some to his window
he can see them fading slowly
and he follows with a smile

calling follow me
hold me close as i hold
the colors
follow me ...

abby



some parts of dreams

and now Lisa
has walked quietly into
puddles of grass -
I have watched her
play with her toes
in the morning.

why do I watch her?

and now I
run across
the sharp wild-flowers -
my bare feet are burnt
sometimes with laughter,
sometimes with pollen.

why do I watch her?

and now Lisa
watches my sadness
fade into dreams
that grow like flowers -
she takes two blossoms
and blows the seeds
away.

why do I watch her?

Richard Carlin

some parts of dreams

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Richard Carlin



You are the vision of antiquity.
Your faults are many, but the respect
of old age cures them.
Your face is unique, it challenges
the symmetry of nature.
Your serenity is frustrating.
You are cold, unfeeling to the
plagues of mankind.
Your extremity amuses us; you are
large, and you are small;
your shape differs because
of the temperament of your
brothers, the wind and
the sea.
Rock, you're here to make
us humble.

John Berck

lend me some words to sing your praise
for your speech is a thousand times
more graceful than mine
lend me a mind to know your world
for i cannot begin to grasp
the changes that have brought you to me
If you were a lord,
a saint,
or even a god
you could have no more glory
than you do as a human child

JAZ





Irene Sherr

(Thursday morning at 3:00)

Those wires up on the hill

Their buzzing away —

And the crickets and those two flowers

intertwined

And how you slid down that rock and

landed on your ass,

But you stayed where you landed,

you liked where you were,

you were where you wanted to be.

Alone with yourself,

those buzzing wires, and crickets —

and those two intertwined flowers

on that rock.



Turning to Soot

I would thumb a ride back to you
but I am afraid to find
an empty road
where once I sang

so, I stay,
the sooty dreams of your highways
fall from my lips.
I laugh
when I find a sign in my hands;
"anywhere"
it says.

I would take a bus
back to your voice,
but the street corners are windy,
the stations filled
with rain.
there is no return,
fog having crept
between our words.

so, I weep,
when I hear your poems
and think of your hands
burning the words
into me.

I would climb back into your time
if only
sentences would drop
like tears;
words are captured,
somewhere,
in the light of my eyes.
I cannot escape them.

so, I ride,
reading the poetry of signs,
learning the language of dust,
writing notes to you and
hearing your name from
empty, breathing towns
and
watching my body fly,
turning to soot.

Richard Carlin

A Nightly Fear

sight,

is emptiness against the corners
of the blackened desolate room.

captive in nothing ...

solitude curdling the bone marrow,
crawling, slithering, lost are the limbs that
belonged to you only moments before.

listen to the slimy sensation

Gone is the world,

a tear rolls,
and the lights are out.

Greg Small



Still Life In Oil

There is no direction to our lives.
We follow stationary dreams.
We are shiny drips of paint
Brushed on rough canvas.
Listen, the painter squeaks with joy.
Look, his eyes are squinted in satisfaction.

Andy Teirstein

Déjà Vu

The pool lay glimmering like an opal in the summer dusk. The man approached the pool, tensed himself against the cool air, and plunged gracefully into the warm water. As the air streamed from his lungs he sank slowly to the smooth bottom where he came to rest. His pool was his only escape from the tensions and anxieties of the day, and resting peacefully at the bottom he could truly relax. He had developed quite a talent for remaining motionless this way, sometimes resting for two or three minutes before his body's cry for air would interrupt his peace and force him to return to the surface. Tonight, however, would be different, for he had already been submerged for three minutes and felt no need for air at all. After a long time at peace he began his slow ascent. His head breaking the surface of the water into the blackness of the infant night, he was suddenly overcome with emotion too primal to grip, too shattering to even consider. He lurched from the water into the pungent night. He wanted to feel the earth, and his fingers pulled at the brown soil till they bled; he stumbled, he yearned to kiss the sky, he sucked in great breaths of air and felt the rain. He wanted to hear the music and he heard it, a thousand Hindus chanting, no, a million, impossible. He tasted his own blood, iron and salt. He stumbled again, and again found peace... The woman strode casually to the side of the pool, then suddenly began to scream. Her husband, obviously dead, lay sprawled on the smooth bottom.

Jon Cohen

Shadows of the past
Creeping back,
Past us, through us.
We can't escape them, these shadows
The shiver they send up the spine.
We can't escape them, these shadows,
The Past creeping back.

Shadows of the past
Crawling back.
Not on their hands,
Walking straight,
Drawing us into them.

Shadows of the past
Memories
Coming back to send us laughing
Suddenly
Coming back to make us cry
Suddenly
Coming back, haunting
Suddenly
In the night
Shadows of the past.

Wendy Desmonde

I Stuck Out My Tongue

"I Love Lucy" was on. The TV guide said that Lucy is pregnant, and she is trying to devise a way to tell her husband. It did not seem as if it was a great show, but Lucy was in it. To me, Lucy looks exactly the same as my mother. Except for her red hair, her height, her voice, her appearance and her dress, she looks just like my mother. (So much for my reasoning.)

I was at my friend Sue's house. Unfortunately, I was destined never to watch "Lucy," for just as it went on, my friend's mother announced that dinner was ready, and I was invited to eat over. A peek into the kitchen revealed a table set for five people. There are five people in Sue's family. Her mother said a few things, such as, "We can always squeeze Sharon in," and, "There won't be enough to eat because of the extra person, but there are always crackers."

Well, I did not eat over. I walked home. The walk home was three blocks, but it seemed as if it were three miles. It was rather dark out, and rather spooky.

As I was walking, I remembered that no one would be home, for my mother picks up my sister, who is let out of Hebrew school at the beginning of "I Love Lucy." Then she goes straight from the Hebrew school to the train station to pick up my father, whose train gets in at the end of "I Love Lucy." I live by "I Love Lucy." My mother makes it a "round trip" because this way she only starts the car three times. If she stopped at our house in between she would have to start the car four times. It takes about eight minutes to start up the car. (Anybody want a Mustang?)

As I turned into the driveway I saw my sister's bicycle. I had a hope that someone was home. Then I remembered that my sister always leaves it out because she is too lazy to put it in the garage.

I decided to walk around the house, and go into the back yard. There is a secluded little spot in the woods - part of my back yard. In the little spot there is a big rock. When I entered the little spot, my two cats were sitting around the rock. I sat on it. I noticed that there was a baseball right near my cats.

It was all very peaceful, until I heard some big crunches in the woods. I said, "Who are you?" There was no answer. I said it three more times but no answer came. The crunches kept on crunching. One of the cats arched her back, hissed, and ran. The other cat was puzzled.

I looked down at my little patch of four-leaf clovers. They are four-leafed because when they were very tiny I cut one leaf on each clover in half. (Clever, isn't it?) Well, suddenly I saw a big red sneaker in my patch of four leaf clovers. I ran. I ran to my sister's bicycle and hopped on.

I started pedaling. I then realized why my sister was so sure it wouldn't be stolen. First, there are no brakes. Second, the handle bars are not straight. Third, the tires are flat. I decided to stop at a friend's house. I did.

I parked the bicycle in the back of the house. I rang the front door bell. A voice said, "Who is it?"

As usual, I said, "Me."

"Oh," said the voice.

The peephole opened and closed, and the door opened. The voice said, "Come on in." I went in.

The friend is Amy. Amy is a Lucy fan too. She was watching "I Love Lucy." It had just ended.

I went upstairs with her. We were watching someone chewing gum and skiing on a commercial, when the doorbell rang. Since we were upstairs, we decided to look out of the window over the front door. No one was there.

We ran downstairs, opened the front door, and saw nothing.

I decided to call my parents and tell them where I was. I called, and my sister answered. She asked, "Do you have my bicycle?"

I said, "Yes, I have your bicycle, and I am at Amy's house."

Then Amy, who was listening to me talk, exclaimed, "Where did you park your sister's bicycle?"

I said, "In the front."

Amy screamed and said, "It's gone! Your sister's bicycle is gone!"

My sister overheard this and immediately started screaming. My mother took the phone from my sister and started scolding me for getting it stolen.

Amy kept on screaming. I realized I had left it in the back, and yelled that to Amy, but Amy didn't believe me, and I kept yelling at her. She started screaming, "Liar! Liar! Liar!" at me. It was rather hectic. The "Liar! Liar!" was a little louder than the other screams she made.

Well, it so happened that Amy's sister Susie was sleeping, and she woke up to the words, "Liar! Liar!" Unfortunately, Susie thinks that a fire is going to burn her to death one day. Unfortunately, Susie thought Amy was screaming "Fire, Fire." Unfortunately, Susie got two broken legs from attempting to do cartwheels down one hundred steep steps in her house. Unfortunately, Susie added to the commotion by screaming a chorus of "Help me, save me. Fire! Fire! Help me, save me. Fire! Fire!" (And so on and so forth.)

Which, in turn, woke up Amy's mother, who, in turn, started scolding Amy for running away. It was later explained that Amy's mother had dreamed Amy had run away.

All the commotion excited the two cats that Amy had. They started ringing the doorbell chimes which hung in the hall.

Six screaming idiots and two crazy cats on Tory Lane. (Ughh!)

This all happened in about sixty seconds, and lasted two minutes.

The next day I wrote all the possible suspects for stepping in the clover patch, and ringing the doorbell, and running.

This way my list:

1. There was a ghost with red sneakers. He followed me to Amy's house, then he rang the doorbell, and made his sneakers disappear.

2. It was my sister, getting revenge for when I started tapping at her window at 11:00 at night.

The other suspects were very unlikely.

I started thinking really hard.

"Who knows," I thought, "I might have been killed if I hadn't run!"

I walked into the back yard, to my favorite spot.

I noticed the baseball was gone.

Suddenly I saw a baseball fly over my head. I chased it out of the spot. As I was chasing it, the phone rang. I ran into the house and answered it. It was Amy.

"Listen, you know what?" asked Amy. "My neighbor, Jon, you know, the pesty one, admitted that he rang the doorbell. Goodbye."

Amy is a very little talker.

I looked out the window, and saw our next door neighbor Billy chasing the baseball. He had red sneakers on. He looked up at me, and said, "Scaredy cat?"

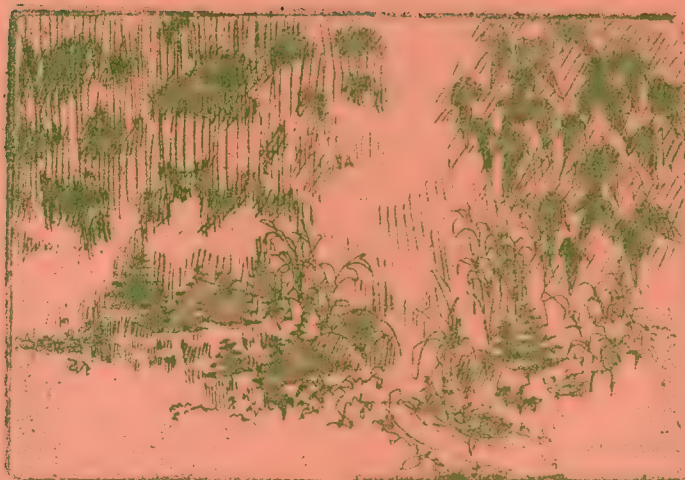
I stuck out my tongue.

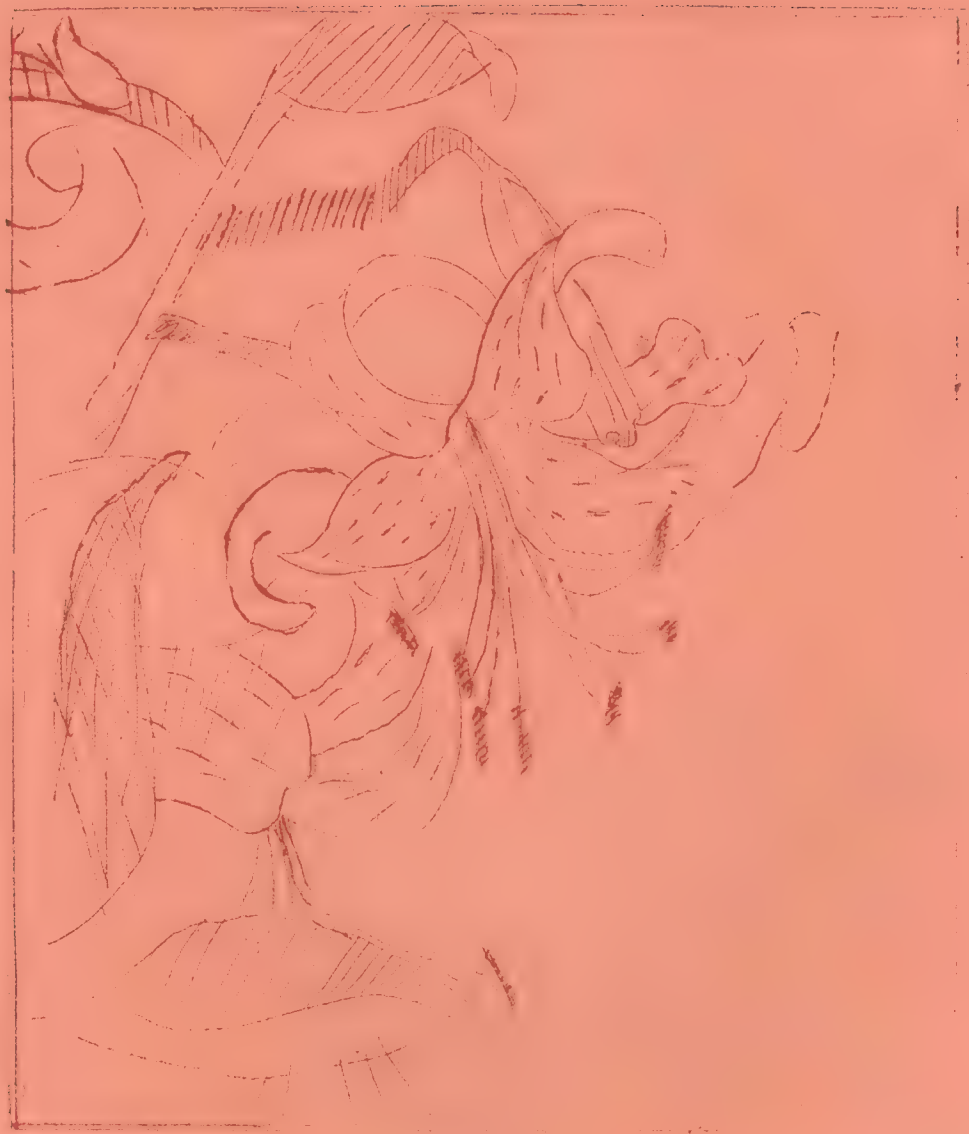
Sharon Finkelstein

cowled smile
sparkling eyes
words aflame with beauty and passion
steal me back to your side
musical memories
hard-borne loves
surreal wanderings in very real worlds
steer me into my prettiest moments
and like a sponge
i soak up your presence
yes i am the homely yellow flower
smelling of spice and vinegar
and yes there is a bit of the sky
behind your sultry sensual purrings
and yes i know...

i know

JAZ





on a creased sheet of newspaper
an old man writes his name in grey ink.
in his head
the words of death and explosion
mix like cement and mud

a house behind him burns
a cat screams
his fingers become the triggers of pistols
his eyes become the moon
his head becomes a ball of clay

the newspaper
is pasted to his body
the glue is his flesh
he tears it from him
feeling his bones pray

there were paper words
frothing in his mouth
when they found him

maxine feldman

he watches
the time passes by
each second is granite in his mind
each moment is a weighted silence
each minute is the eternity of his love
he waits
he watches
the others float by
on their own morbid thoughts
all that is real is his worship
he does not see his love
still he watches
the apparition soon appears
in the ghostly white halo
of his lover's perfect vision
his beauty is absorbed wordlessly
by the one who still only watches
and still only loves

JAZ



It was a November twilight. Hunched against the cold, and annoyed that I was without a lift, I plodded homeward. A wind whistled from the growing blackness, bringing with it the biting smell of burning leaves. A car sped past, oblivious to my outstretched arm and thumb. I muttered an obscenity.

Suddenly the vague uneasiness was there. Some vestigial barometer, left from the time men howled at the moon, was saying that something was wrong. I turned around. A shadowy figure a hundred yards down the road was moving towards me.

"Hello," I yelled.

There was no reply.

"Hello."

It kept moving. Undefinable in the blackness that was now almost total, it moved in a steady determined fashion. I turned away. Too afraid to turn around again, I quickened my pace. It was no use. It was gaining and would reach me soon. I would have to run. I lurched forward, straining for speed, my lungs struggling against the frigid air. I stumbled. The concrete sidewalk greeted my forehead. For a moment everything was warm and red. Then suddenly I felt the cold, then the pain, then the realization that the thing was almost upon me. I pulled my head from the ground just as its claw tore at my shirt. Snarling like an animal, I sprang to my feet and lashed out at it. It seemed like a rag doll as I flung it. The car horn blared, but in vain. The car slammed in a screeching, shuddering thud into the tottering thing. The car door opened and a man, seemingly in shock, came out. A police car, its siren resounding in a low melancholy wail, pulled up. I paid no attention. I stared transfixed at the thing. The slight frame, an old man, the sign, "I AM DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND. PLEASE HELP ME--GOD BLESS YOU."

Blood from the shattered thing formed a pool on the pavement.

I vomited hard into the gutter.

The driver spoke. "He was blind. He just walked right in front of the car."

"It's a shame," answered the police officer. "Did you see it, kid?"

I nodded. I couldn't have spoken, even if I had wanted to.

"C'mon, kid, I'll take you home. Just forget about it."

I spent the rest of the trip home fearing nothing but myself.

Jon Cohen

IF YOU'LL JUST LISTEN...

I can tell you of the Earth's creation,
of ages long and gone,
if you'll just listen;

I can talk about America's start
and of its development,
if you'll just listen;

I can tell you of all the wars,
World War One, and Two,
and Korea, and Vietnam...

And wars yet to come,
if you'll just listen.

I know you won't though;
You never have...

I am history,
but I needn't repeat myself;
if you'll just listen.

L.C.





A DEVIL'S EDEN

I whisper away the hair
from your portrait,
(examined as if an artist's nude.)
Your eastern tones are savored,
caressed in love, while chromatic melodies
sing of sitar mystique.
I recall you rocking me gently,
in a throne ornate in golden braids. Yet
today it yearns the profile of its imprisoned lady.

A wooden bench seats me now,
hanging by cold chains from damp stone,
forcing me to reminisce always,
till I rock you gently,
as you did, me.

H. Gwen Marcus

Death,
oh Great Seducer
how we emulate you

In
your apprenticeship
how we grow.

We struggle
out of
darkness
to
touch
you.

The
sweet
scent
of
maimed,
gashed,
broken
desires
entices us
to serve
you,
our
mistress.

As
we lie
across
your
bed
of tortured,
burnt,
bled,
carcasses
we
embrace.

We shall
grope,
flail,
clutch,
this
we
promise,
until
we
are
one.

Matt Feuer



Death by Night or Bloodshed

At one in the morning he walked down the street
Not knowing what kind of people he'd meet.
As he walked down the alley his fingers would shake;
Wouldn't yours if your life was at stake?
It was just an ordinary New York day
But his life was in danger anyway.

When he reached his apartment his fright met an end,
Then he heard a noise from around the bend.
He turned his head in terror and fright
The switchblade gleamed from the overhead light.
The terrified man ran for his life,
The killer followed with a twelve-inch knife.

He fell to the ground out of breath
Only seconds from his death.
The killer walked towards him with a gleam in his eye,
The terrified man now knew he would die.
He lay still on the ground with a knife in his heart
Waiting for a new life to start.

Without stealing a thing, the man walked away
And soon the shimmering night became day.
So next time you walk, walk in the sun
Or walk in the night and carry a gun.

Dan Kaplan



Musical Theory

It is time. Time to research my theory. What was the purpose of musical composition beyond beauty? Somehow the composer must have had an uncommon...belief? When I listen to a piece of music don't I experience a sensation? More than beauty, more than genius, a--spirit. The piano!

Suddenly, I find myself at the piano, a Chopin masterpiece on the ledge. I play. I feel a change of atmosphere, an indescribable sensation! And then...

"So you know!" said the ghostly image as it hovered over me.

But I couldn't respond, couldn't because there was a horror, a cold beautiful horror creeping through the gates of my own...spirit. Got to get hold of myself.

"Who are you?" I cried, my voice rising in a gradual crescendo.

"Why are you playing this piece, my piece for that matter?" he demanded in a thick French accent. "My name is Frederic Chopin. I believe you have uncovered a long-treasured secret. But the right is not yours," he said.

"I was curious," I whispered in a hoarse voice.

"Please do not interfere!" he screamed. Then, in a more subdued voice, "Excuse me. At least you played it beautifully. And, you released me young. I'm glad you didn't play a later piece. But now that I am here what shall I do? I must work somewhere...do something...."

"They need an usher at the concert hall where I'm performing tomorrow night," I said.

And so, the following evening, the great Chopin ushered at a concert hall where his own music was being played. Nobody noticed him. When the concert was over, he came back-stage.

"A fine concert," he said to me, "but I must leave now." Before my eyes, his form started to fade.

"Frederic, Frederic!" I yelled.

"Take my hand," he said. I did so and, my hand locked in his, the music in my ears, we departed...

Where to? France, I suppose.

Peter Slomanson

Blue Farm Nursery

The Rothbergs arrived at the Blue Farm Nursery to buy some flowers. Jules Rothberg, a famous writer, helped his old aunt out of the car. From the back seat, yelling and screaming, tumbled Cissy and Timmy, his two children. Timmy quickly slammed the door in his mother's face. A few seconds later Mrs. Rothberg came out of the same door, overloaded with a shawl for the aunt and toys for the children.

"Ugh, I don't see why we have to come to this fancy nursery," said the aunt. "Why can't you just sit content in your new country home instead of buying expensive weeds? My head is killing me."

"Yes, Aunt Ruth," said Jules. Jules was extremely patient. He scratched his beard and watched his kids trample the flower beds.

"Get off the flowers," pleaded Doris. Doris had thin, brown hair. Her face was worn and haggard. Both husband and wife had tired expressions.

"Let's go," screamed Aunt Ruth. She led the way through flower-bordered paths.

Blue Farm was a sprawling, large nursery. They had every type of flower. Visitors explored the grounds, all delighted with the amazing varieties of plants.

The old lady climbed up a small flight of stairs, to a bed full of dozens of tiger lillies. "Oh, how lovely," said Ruth. She began to finger the lillies and broke one off.

"Oh, look what I've done," said the aunt. "I guess now that it's broken no one would mind if I took it."

"Can't you go anywhere without stealing something," yelled Jules.

"I'm not stealing it. I'm just borrowing it from God," replied the aunt.

"Why don't we get some of these," Cissy said, pointing at some black roaches.

"Don't touch those," yelled Mrs. Rothberg.

Aunt Ruth hugged Cissy and said, "Poor Cissy. Mommy never lets you have any fun." A greenhouse stood on a hill, separated from the main flow.

"What's in that house?" Aunt Ruth asked, pointing.

"I really don't know, Aunt Ruth," replied Mr. Rothberg. "We are here to buy flowers, not to go on a sightseeing trip."

"Are you lecturing me," yelled Aunt Ruth. "I'm going to go in and find out what's in that house." She turned to Cissy and Timmy and said, "Come with me children. Daddy and Mommy never have any time for you so Auntie Ruth will keep you company."

The Rothberg couple sighed.

Aunt Ruth, with the two little Rothbergs following, marched her way up to the greenhouse on the hill. The door was closed, but, after trying the handle, she opened it with ease. The whole family, one by one, filed into the greenhouse.

"Oh, my God! It's like heaven. They look almost plastic," said the aunt.

"It's wonderful," added Mr. Rothberg.

"Ooh," said the rest of the family.

The room was filled with hundreds of prize roses. There were giants the size of your hand, and frail little ones like strawberries. Timmy clutched one of the many thorny roses. "Mommy, mommy, I cut my hand," he said, and he promptly broke into tears. Mrs. Rothberg, sighing again, clutched her purse, opened it up and pulled out a bandaid. She carefully wrapped it around the child's bloody finger.

Cissy rushed on into the tunnel-like greenhouse. "Bet you can't catch me!" she screamed. Timmy forgot his cut and rushed after her.

"Look at that beautiful rose over there," said Aunt Ruth, pointing to a vulgar, giant rose at the end of the glass house. "I'm going to pick it. They won't miss just one!"

Jules looked longingly at his wife. His wife looked out at the open door. Jules rushed out, and his wife followed, screaming, "Lock the door, lock the door, lock the door..."

Jules quickly followed her advice, and then, hand in hand, they ran down the gravel path to their car.

As they were getting into the car, you could hear the sound of screeching voices. Jules took one look back, but when he saw three pig-like faces hanging out the open window of the greenhouse, he turned around and put his foot on the gas.

Jonathan Weinberg

oh, look at the child!
he is falling--
he flings his thoughts into
the stagnant air
in a last attempt
to forget his unhinged body.

in his dreams
there have been soarings.
he has hung on
the edge of flight
and touched the decaying
clouds.

now, after,
there is a pain
of a lost flight,
something only touched
by a gasp
of his terrified
breath.

richard carlin



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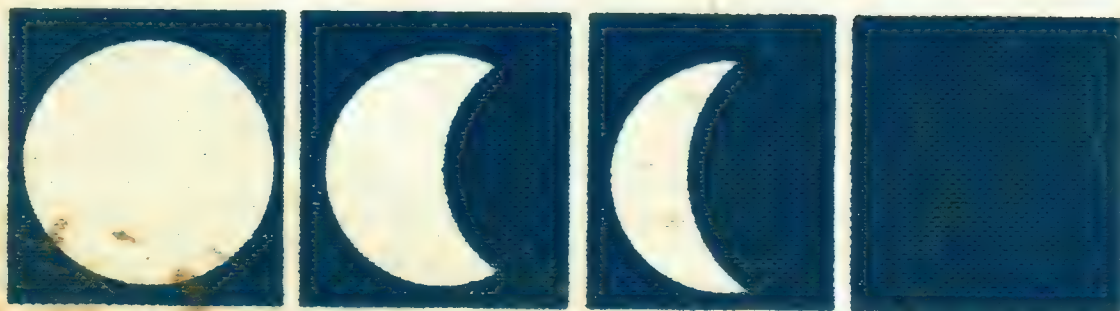
Jonathan Weinberg

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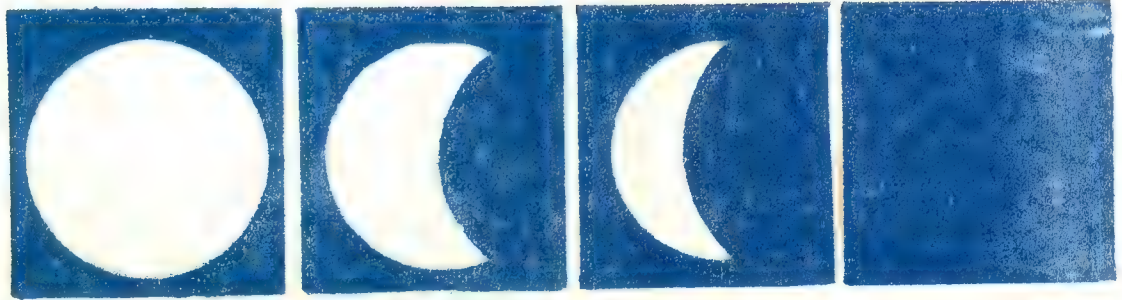
waterfall: Joanne Shapiro
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SUMMER 1972



BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP

NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

we are like planets in different orbits
orbits
that take us far and away
from each other
into our own lives and galaxies.
this summer
orbits have met
and for this short while
this second in the space of time
we have touched
each others lives
become as one
but
like haley's comet
that comes once in a life
we will never know
each other as we have
this time
for back to our own galaxies
we will go
and tho we may pass
again
it will not be the same
nor should it be.
now
is not a place for greif
but for joy
at sharing
this summer
this moment.

ariel



A single drop
of dew
hanging from a leaf
in early morning freshness
breaks its tiny bubble
and falls
to
the earth.

EMILY GOLD



a seed is cast into the wind,
It lands and sprouts roots,
struggling for survival,
Pushing its way up towards the sky.
How similar are all living things.
We all strive for the sun.

Sharon Finkel





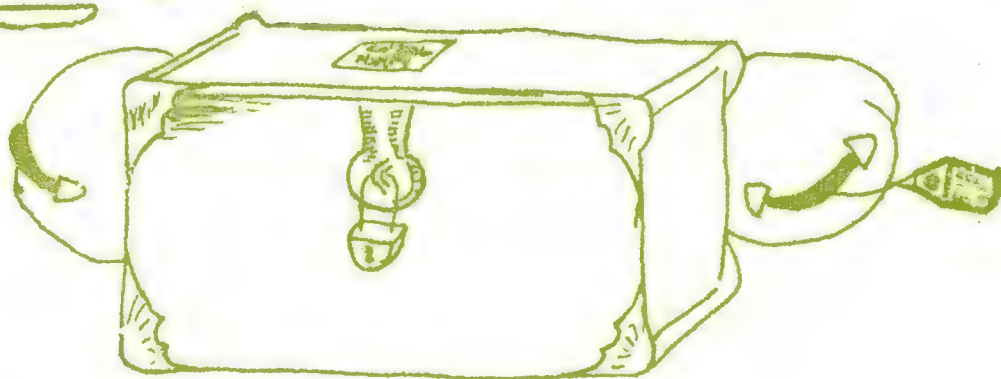
I came to camp for a rest from school.



The shops and activities were so enticing

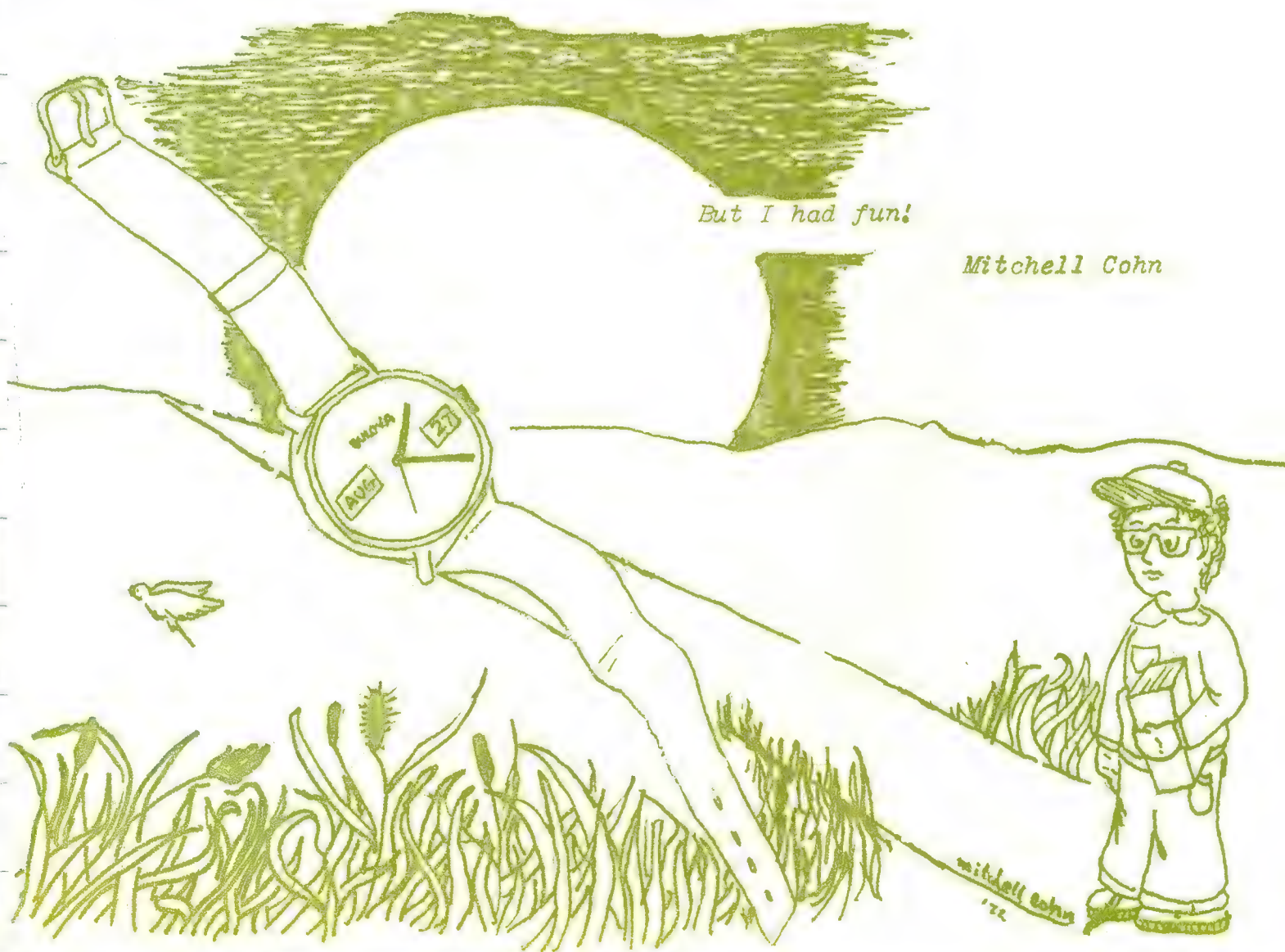
That my rest was not a rest at all.

Suddenly - so suddenly - it was over.



But I had fun!

Mitchell Cohn



The summer came back like a long lost friend,
who had just been away for a while,
But when it came back, it then helped me forget;
Got my mind off of all winter's trials

my "friend" moved on quickly, it couldn't stay long,
Didn't know where it'd go or quite when,
Hardly thought it'd be leaving, until it was gone,
now I've lost my "friend", summer, again

Risa Salat

there he stood, high on the hill,
the beautiful stallion so proud and free
black as the night, with eyes of gold,
with a ghostly spirit that haunts one and
all.

down he looked towards the green
watching, guarding, caring for his mares.

behind him they stood
all with coats of milky white
young colts nursed noisily from their mothers,
old mares lay dozing on the grass
and the wild fillies played roughly by the
light of the moon.

suddenly, the leader, struck by inspiration,
turned and called loudly into the darkness.
and they all turned
and galloped away into the night.



nancy lynn

The Parade of Life

The swaying of the autumn leaves
back and forth.

A beaver studiously building his dam.

A baby being pressed to his mother's
warmth.

The rise of the sun to awaken the
world.

A child's struggle to pronounce his beginning
word.

The adolescent's contact with his 1st
pimple.

The sweet creeping slowly down a track
star's face.

Closing a book at its long awaited
climax.

Riding for 9 hours to see one's betrothed.

"Oh, dear, these shoes are much too
small."

How do you study 10 pages in one night?

The picnic is cancelled because of
the rain.

News of the divorce spread throughout
the town.

A burglar feasted in our house last night:

We searched through valleys
and mountains for the lost dog.

What are those 2 boys doing in
that dark room?

Her arm was marked with the pressure
of the needle.

Poor little Jenny was lost to
the world.

Our dinner will be a teaspoonful
of rice.

Mrs. Smith said goodbye
to her son - FOREVER.

Running & running, but not reaching,
Seeing & seeing, but not conceiving,
Touching & touching but not feeling,
Hearing & hearing but not penetrating.

The parade of life continues on its
inevitable tread -
On & On Eternally.

Jill Friend

iudy

by liz frucht



LOVES ANIMALS

NOTICES EVEN
THE SMALLEST THINGS



PATIENT

ALWAYS LIKES
TO BE WITH FRIENDS

LIKES
FOLK DANCING

HAPPY 



THINKS FUNNY
THOUGHTS

STRAIGHT BROWN HAIR
PRETTY BROWN EYES

liz

by judy malkin

BLOND HAIR
BLUE EYES
A FEW FRECKLES
VERY SKINNY
SILVER WIRE ACROSS FOUR TEETH
WEARS BLUE STRING AROUND HER WRIST

WEAVES
FARM
WORKS ON
SHARES A HELPER (COW)
LOVES TO FOLKDANCE

SHY
QUIET
FRIENDLY
ALWAYS SMILING
LAUGHS A LOT
SQUINTS WHEN SHE LAUGHS

BUCK'S ROCK

Buck's Rock is a place to enjoy yourself while growing. It is a place to learn new skills and develop old ones. It is a place to meet new people and develop new ideas. In short, it is a place to discover yourself.

You discover yourself by trying the different shops. You try new things and find your interests. You sometimes find them in places you never thought of.

You meet new people and make new friendships, most of which will last the rest of your life. This is because the friendships are based on common interests.

You develop new ideas. The basis of these new ideas is what the guest speakers and other campers say to you. These are also added to your previously formed ideas.

Best of all, you thoroughly enjoy yourself while doing all this; that's because you are doing what you most want to do.

That's why I say that Buck's Rock is a place to discover yourself ... and it is loads of fun!

Joel Halpern

Ellen,
I'll sure
miss you over
the winter. Hope to
see ya soon.
Love,

Ellen,
Have a great winter,
lots of luck. I'll see
you soon. I hope.

Harriett
do well in school
see you soon, I hope.

Ellen, Hope to see you
next year - but not at
Rock!!
- Richard Don
Zmungen II

an opinion of the signers of yearbook

it's really gross, this. why can't we all be
honest with each other i mean, about the
yearbooks. like having people you barely e-
ven know sign, especially out of politeness.
(well, they're sitting right there and we
musn't hurt so-and-so's feelings by not ask-
ing them to sign! worse yet! what i really
can't stand are the phonies--kids you've
hardly spoken to all season, then they go
and write a whole lot and say nothing--junk
about "see ya next year" and "hope to see ya
soon".

i know damn well that you-know-who will ne-
ver think of me once all year. their pre-
tending to remember me is really depressing.

well, that's about it. hope you all stay well
and have lots of fun over the winter. i'll
be counting the days till i see you again.

love,
ellen sacher

My Dearest Ellen,
When I met you,
It was love at first
sight; had I taken a
second look, I would've
run like a frightened
deer!

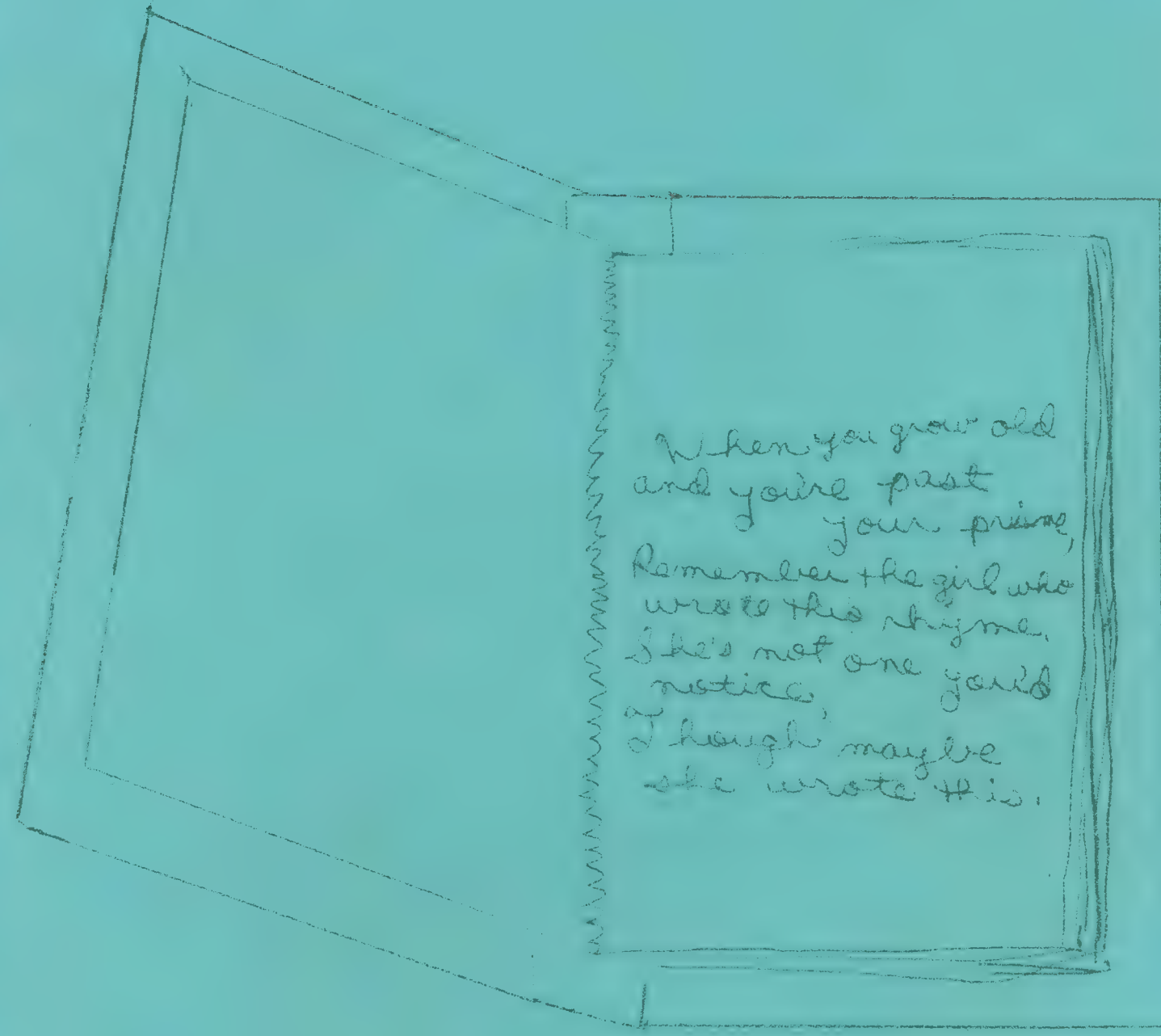
Love,
Helen

Ellen
see you soon
Love,
Helen

Have fun
Patrick

Good luck
in the future.
Have fun!
Mary

See you



When you grow old
and you're past
your prime,
Remember the girl who
wrote this rhyme.
She's not one you'd
notice,
I thought maybe
she wrote this.

Elen Wash-John

Thanks:

Amey C.

John B.

Alan W.

Alan R.

Margret S.

Jerry W.

Special Thanks:

Pete W.

Jojo J.

Bob W.

Phil W.

Rima W.

Nelson and Eileen B.

Mike Markovitz



Yael Simpson

Sleep is the land of
Old memories, One goes
There to find dreams.

Dreams are long-forgotten
Hopes, Come back
To give you a few short,
Happy hours in the peace,
The quiet, the stillness, &
The beautiful silence of
A night more perfect than
One could ever hope to
Imagine.

Daydreams are when one
Has a wish to visit the
Land of Sleep while still
Awake.

Death is when
One goes to the
Land of Sleep &
Decides to stay
There.

My life is like a rainbow,
Beautifully colored with
Unlimited shades. Day to
Day, it goes from color to
Color, & I need a year
Before I can use them up &
Start over. In the same
Way, My life is like a
Diamond, with many
Different facets, each of
Which makes life a little
More interesting.

Shutting out logic,
And letting childhood
Nonsense seep into
Your brain, that is
Senile.

As I lie on the green grass,
And look up at the blue sky,
I listen to a faraway noise,
Hidden within a deep silence.

Amy Sheidlower



There is a little peace and quiet
in the world
if you only
look for it
in the right
place
and at the right
time
and in the right
mood
and with the right
people

To who ever wants,
a little peace and quiet. ☺
from Carol Froehlich

Everything has and will exist forever. For instance, when a man dies he doesn't cease to exist, but he does cease to exist as a living man. A baby, when it is born, is not a brand new person for it has existed for nine months in the womb, and before that it existed in its parents, and grandparents before then. Things may change physical state but they will always exist. Matter can neither be created nor destroyed, which means everything has and will exist forever.

Matter changes state over and over again. A tree will die, rot into the dirt and then a seed will land and change it back into a tree. Or a tree may be cut down and used in a house, eventually decay and rot and return to dirt and then a seed will land and it will become a tree once more. Since all things have existed forever that means everything is the same age, everything is as old as the earth itself. The earth hasn't always been the earth but it has always existed.

Geoffrey Newman



Stanly and Me, I Think

The other day I was walking down the road.

At least I thought I was.

But I wasn't.

I was just standing there and the road was walking down me.

At least I thought it was the road.

But it wasn't.

It wasn't a question of what it was but who it was.

For it was alive.

Quite alive,

And moving.

I walked to its mouth,

Or its mouth walked to me.

Whatever.

I asked him who he is.

The reply came.

I'm Stanly, The Chumper Stomper.

We talked.

At least I thought we talked.

I'm sure I thought we talked.

It turned out that Stanly was 1032 feet long

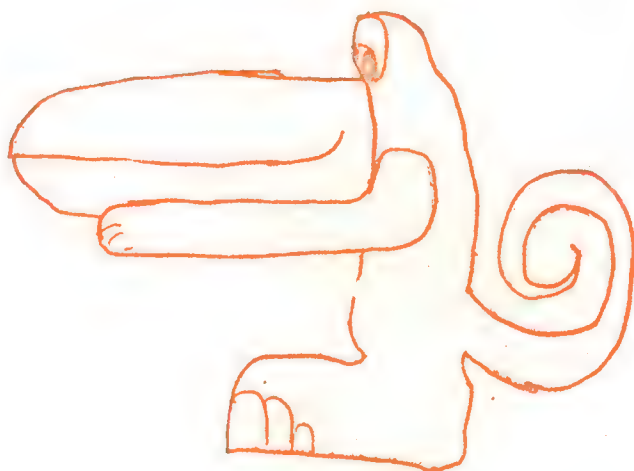
At least his nose was.

So now that everything is settled and Stanly left,

I say,

Good-bye.

At least I think I do.



By Gary Gruber





Diane Devenberg

Death. The meaning of eternity.
A thing that halts movement,
actions, life.
It causes grief, pain, sorrow,
and steals people and animals
from their everyday existence.
Death causes everything to stop ...

EXCEPT

Love and Devotion,

And nothing, including death,
will ever take that away from
the living.

Death is on my left-hand side
And life is on my right.
And I keep walking straight
ahead

Where am I?

I watch the ocean
And watch the sand
And notice how dependent
Each one is on the other.

I am the ocean
My friend is the sand,
And I notice as well
How dependent we are on
each other.

Susan Alpern

When you go
in search of Love
you will never find it
unless you bring it
with you

Grace Kayden

the sea

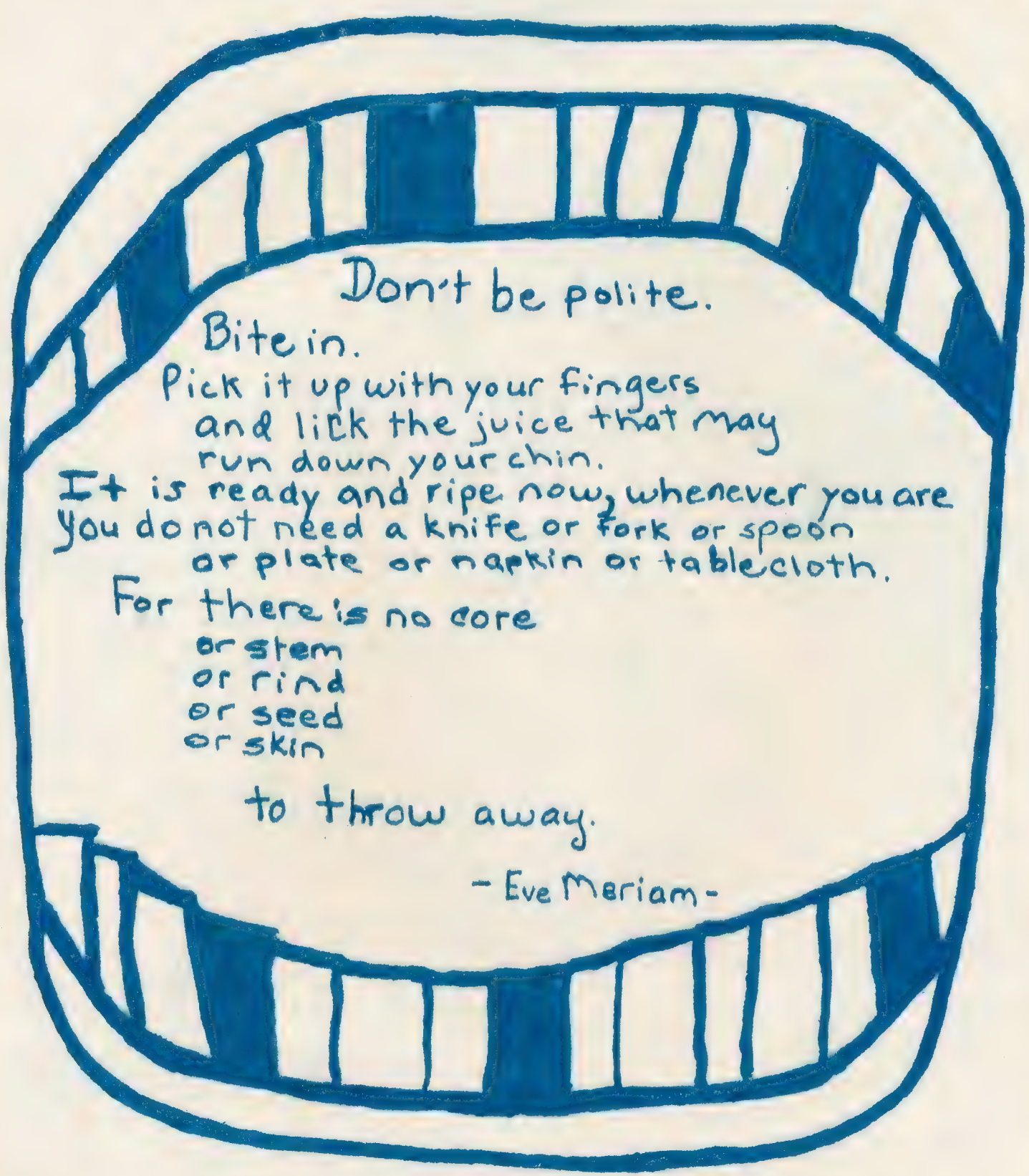
we are walking to the sea
I will jump
and break the salt rainbow
will you come?

I am the death
that I fear.
what is existence
but the breath left on
an empty window
and death?
a stolen touch

I play God with my soul
the spray flies.
we are salt,
that must regain the sea.
will you come?

Richard earl in

How to Eat a Poem



Don't be polite.

Bite in.

Pick it up with your fingers
and lick the juice that may
run down your chin.

It is ready and ripe now, whenever you are
You do not need a knife or fork or spoon
or plate or napkin or tablecloth.

For there is no core
or stem
or rind
or seed
or skin

to throw away.

- Eve Meriam -

Carol Bucholtz - 72

so tasty too and congratulations sweetheart and
and good job sweetheart and can i have one of
every color and have a happy farm and let's go to
the water fountain and harry, take movies and
your ulterior motives are showing and new milford
had a police force but he died and when are your
parents coming and have a happy dinner and bring
me back something and feed the bacon, lettuce and
tomatoes and what can i do! and what can i do for
you girls and shove the shit and now look girls!
and thursday night and let's go get mail and we
have a jacks tournament tomorrow and teach me
how to juggle and those children are actually get-
ting dirty, harry, it's just disgusting and have a
happy shower and let's go to the farm-no the science
lab and in a little while and time to wake up, girls
and did the gong ring and lisa get up and let's go
to breakfast and what's the evening activity and
have a happy rehearsal! and ouch! my toe and square
dancing and the circus! and new milford fair and
can i go into town and are you coming to the bunk
and have a happy book and who's on CD and ok for
you pal and hey haitian! and look menq at de spic!
and who gave you permission to walk down this
street and independence and do you want to learn
a new handshake and did you ever feel like a facto-
reject and let's run down buck's rock road and will

you teach me that song and i just stepped on a
rusty na- and ounce? who has an ounce and i for-
got to put my finger in the right socket and
you ran over the matzoh balls and have a happy
afternoon and it is not that kind of camp and
the chicken soup is sleeping with the noodles
and this isn't a farm-it's a full course meal
and the tall dark farmer with his rubber hose
and let's go sit on the lawn and have a happy....

-winnie berman



to the museum in 1911
K. 4. 4. 5. 1

Ullmann and Kesseloff go listen to Neil Young at the Science Lab
Boris + Lisa lots go for a walk to the ocean.
Dana Saltzman

[illegible]

6/10/10 244 of 25 10/10/10 7

Stanley I want m^ore

Revised 11/2003

1. 1950
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 3. 1952
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Technical Description

Dance Nights

(Faint handwritten text at the bottom of the page)

For the summer
new products
have been

to take care of that
cute little bull

Turn I want to get to the form



card
belt

silver
bracelet
&
ring



ceramics



Sukie

LEHRER



THE

WOMAN

OF

THE

WOMAN

OF

EMP

72

THE JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
VIRILE MANHOOD

A Personal Talk With You

STRANGER Than
TRUTH!
Page courtesy
of
Mike Golbe

Up to not many years ago it was a popular belief that to mention anything relative to sex was improper.

Twentieth century enlightenment has taught us better,

There is nothing concerning the body that should be shrouded in darkness or secrecy. Let the daylight shine upon it and the better able is one to see the pitfalls that lie ahead of every person.

I am a great believer in the policy if you think cleanly you will live cleanly, and since the question of virility is one so near to the soul, every person should strive to reason with common sense.

No person is physically fit unless he is virile.

Virile manhood is the truest personification of fitness.

Every healthy person feels the sex impulses. The trouble is that they are only too often misdirected. Pure ignorance of oneself.

If a boy is not enlightened, he will travel the wrong way.

He has no other choice, and the more healthy he is, the more will his sex impulses strive for an outlet.

Unfortunately the average boy turns to masturbation.

I do not use the term "unfortunately" because I think it is a positive evil. It only becomes that when it turns into a vicious habit.

Then it becomes a case of abuse rather than of misuse.

Nature will find an outlet; if not one way it will another.

Seminal losses are the most frequent at night, and when frequent are embarrassing.

A healthy person will throw off this surplus and not mind it, but a weak person will not throw it off.

I am not arguing that masturbation is the right thing to practice. It absolutely is not; neither is intercourse until a person reaches the marital stage.

Time was when the occupation of a man was so vigorous that all his surplus was absorbed.

Nowadays the average occupation is not vigorous enough, and such things happening as seminal losses and the desire to masturbate are a condition created by nature as an outlet for a surplus that should be used in some other way.

The answer to this is that something must be done to keep that surplus energy within oneself.

In this case, exercise becomes the great problem solver.

It its process of building tissue, it catches up this substance and converts it into healthy manhood, and so creates virility.

Thus is the body satisfied and kept free of any of those passions that only too often end in calamity.

Get this idea firmly planted in your mind.

Some day you are going to meet the girl you are going to love cleanly and marry and you will want her to be CLEAN.

NOW.

Suppose she should ask you the same question that is in your mind.
WHAT WOULD YOUR ANSWER BE?

It is her right, and you must insure yourself so that when the time comes you can give her the answer that is rightfully hers.

The question for you to face is, Are you going to live as clean as the girl you demand must be in order to become your wife?

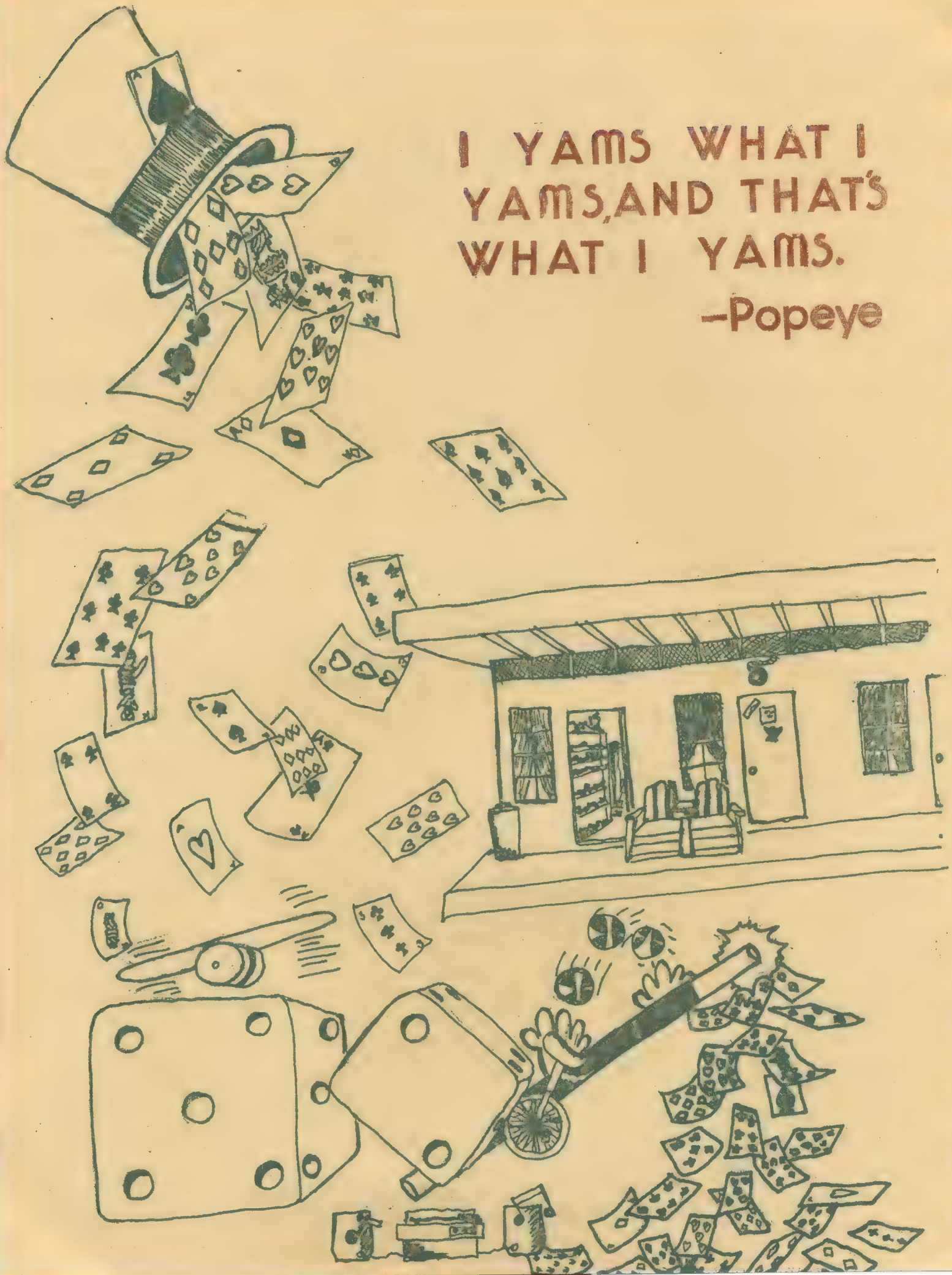
Sure you are. There is no question about that.

First. Get all those morbid thoughts out of your mind.

Reason it out in a healthy way.

I YAMS WHAT I
YAMS, AND THAT'S
WHAT I YAMS.

-Popeye



to a week-old calf

i lead him to the meadow,
where he stops for a moment, staring.
i drop the binding rope and suddenly
he grasps the concept of
Freedom

bounding through the expanse of a field
he feels the movement of his young muscles
and their full strength
wildly running in circles
insane with the joy of open air
and rushing wind.

he halts
-abrupt full stop-
turns, gazes back at me, and will not run again
until i go to him.

Sarah Alving

Kill the Gong!

You devil, you
wake me up
when I'm just
starting to fall
asleep, and,
you make
me go to
bed when
I'm just
starting
to live!



You also make
me eat after
I've just finished
eating a 3 lb.
Sakum, my friends
parents brought
up to camp!

Donna
Heltzer

BOB GOLDBERG



DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY

andy olin



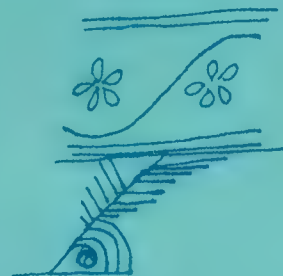
Last night
i saw the shadows engulf you
in goodbyes
they pulled you close
and you clasped their dark tressers
and all things unspoken
spoke
within your eyes

abby



ceiling
white
with a spider
and a bottle of ketchup
and a
chiquita banana

Man beyond labeled
in the closet
I used to see a
man that wasn't
really there.
now I keep the door
closed.



listening
to the Beatles
saying something
about someone
having something
I wanna hold your hand



Right
have you
ever thought
of what some people
look like in their
pyjamas?
HA.

thank you andy
ZQ

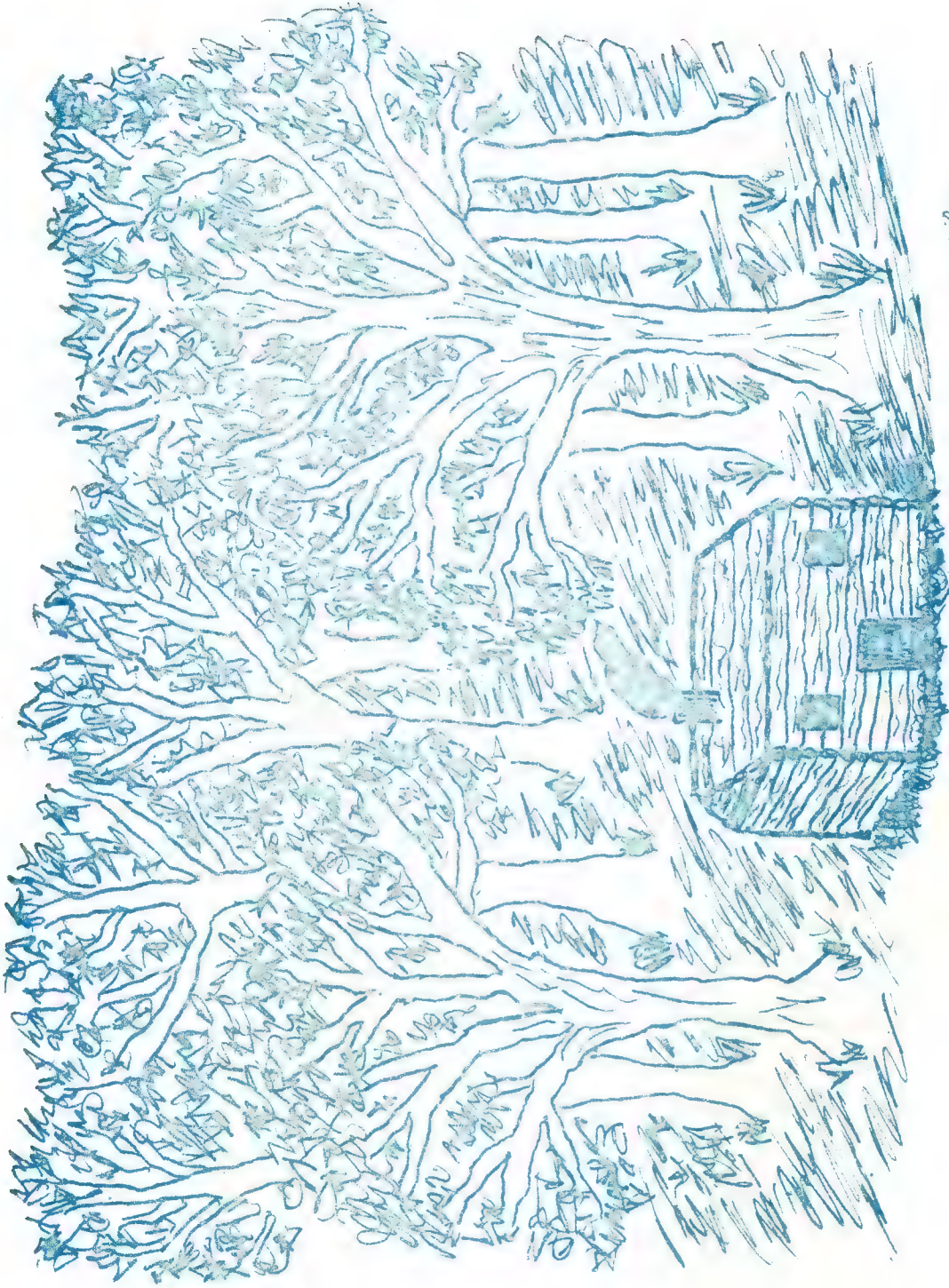
Sue Gross

LONG
LIVE
RICHARD
BRANTIGAN,
and may he keep on
writing good books
like he has been.

A man found a boulder in the wilderness and decided to make it his pulpit. He held his head high and his chest stood out. His audience waited patiently, although they were only trees. His mouth tried to form the words, "I exist," but the sound that he made was a faint whisper. He watched his words tumble down the hillside. When he spoke again, his words were distinct and bold. "I EXIST," he commanded. The words echoed through the mountains. Suddenly, the man melted down to a puddle of blue wax and vanished.

I was lonely, and I probed the street for friends. Taking short strides, my feet scraped the ground at intervals. The night was cold, and I clung to my confidence in hopes of warmth. Soon I found the object of my search. Two of my friends, Sue and John, sat on the edge of the road. They welcomed me, and I sat down. We talked. When I asked how she felt, Sue replied, "I feel so happy I could jump to the moon!" I watched as she leaped into the sky and soared off behind a soft patch of clouds. I wanted to follow her, but I knew I was too sad. Soon John spoke. "I'm so tired," he yawned. His eyes dripped down to the ground, and his body followed, turning into a blue violet liquid that seeped into the earth. For a while I watched the empty space he used to occupy, then I got up and walked off, reassured that I was unique in a world of concepts.

Andy Teirstein



Little
Barn

TRESSPASSERS HILL

PLAYS

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DEPRESSED

AND FRANCINE

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CREATIVE
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THUNDER
ARIE
LE

WBC
JENNIFER
SCIENCE
HALL
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TALKS
OM

ANDY + XPOGRAPHY

Good



I'll bet
you are!

Jesse
Aaron
Rabino-
witz

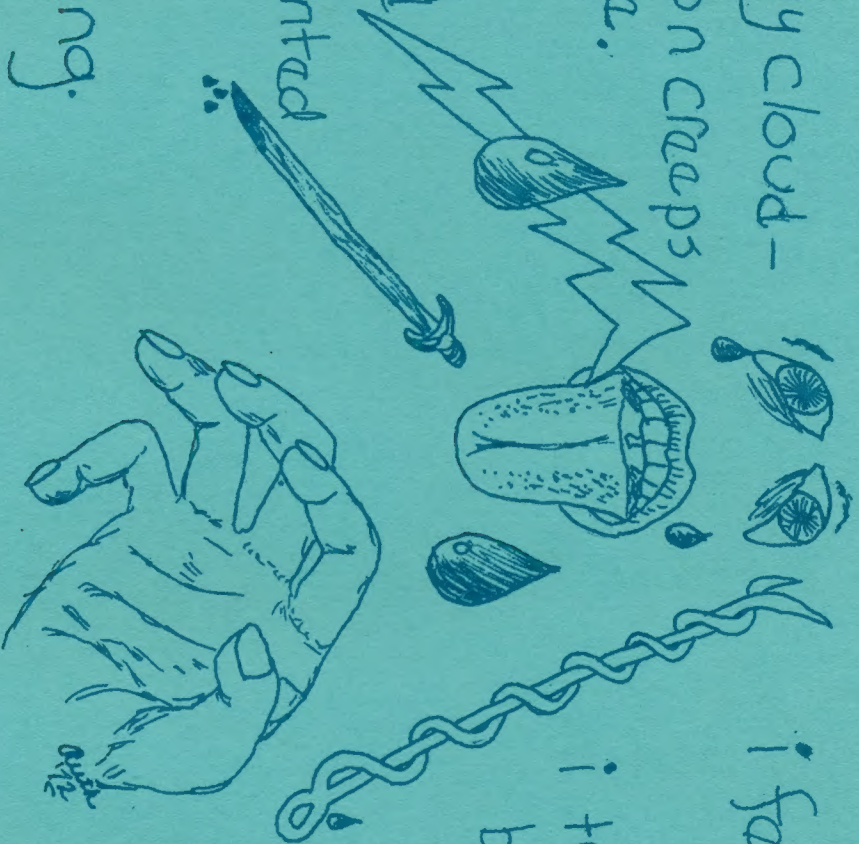
To whom it may concern,
Have a good, horror show winter, my droogs.

Jesse

Depression....

like a dark, gloomy cloud -
depression creeps
over me.

thoughts flashing
through my head
bring unwanted
tears.
it's frightening.



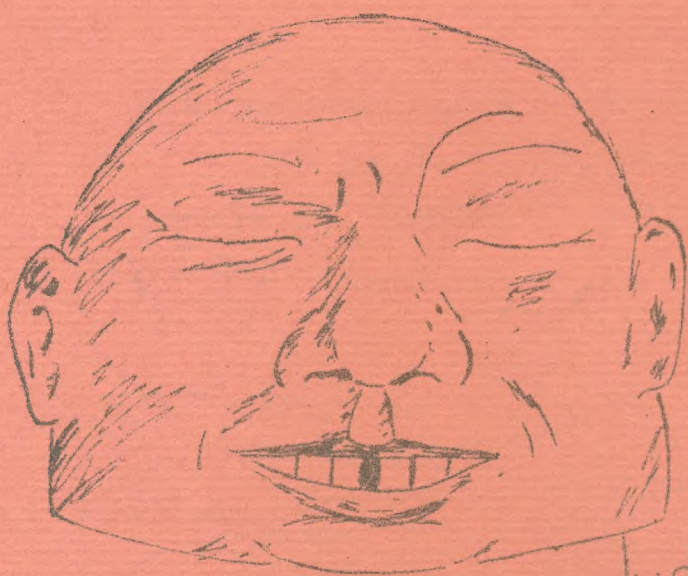
i feel alone -
useless

i try to forget
but my thoughts
haunt me
as i sit
alone.

depression
scars me -

-Roni

Ruth Schekter & Roni Hader



Judy Fox